THE WITS PARAPHRASD: OR, Paraphraſe upon Paraphraſe. IN A BURLESQUE ON THE Several late Tranſlations OF Ovids Epiſtles.

Juven. Sat. 10.

Et facilis cuivis rigidi cenſura cachinni.

LONDON,
Printed for *Will. Cademan*, at the Popes-Head in the *New Exchange* in the *Strand*. 1680.

THE WITS PARAPHRASD:

OR,

Paraphrase upon Paraphrase.

IN A

BURLESQUE

ON THE

Several late Translations

OF

Ovids Epistles.

Juven. Sat. 10.

Et sacrilegis cuncta rigida censura cachinni.

LONDON,

Printed for Will. Cademan, at the Popes-Head in the New Exchange in the Strand. 1686.

TO HIS

Super-superlative Accomplish'd,

and more than Thrice-Ingenious

FRIEND,

Mr. JULIAN,

Principal Secretary

TO THE

MUSES.

SIR,

I Should be too unreasonable, by a tedious Epistle, to divert you from those more weighty and serious Affairs wherein the greatest and most Eminent Wits of the Nation have

thought you worthy to be employ'd, but that I find a mean nonsensical Preface *over a Glass of Wine, without Purging or Blooding, is not sufficient to Commend so* Illaborate *a Piece, without a* Dedication.

Not that I am so much an Ape *to follow the Fashion for any* Fools *humour, tho' it has been done long before me in the* State of Ignorance, *or, as the Author calls it,* Innocence, *or that I am affected with a gaudy* Frontispiece *to a mean* Building, *like a* Close-stool *with a* Vel-

vet Seat *larger than the* Pan *that receives the Excrement, or a gawdy* Miss *in fine Cloaths, whose Out-side is of greater value with the* Brokers *than the whole Body: But that I doubt so inconsiderable a piece of* Paper-work *against the loud, robustious* Wits, *will hardly be able to withstand the Storm without a Supporter.*

And since I must have a Patron, to whom can I better Address my self than to one who for his singular Endowments and Eminent Qualifi-

cations, is not only of sufficient Abilities himself, but hath (as he justly merits) the whole Strength of the Nation for his Support.

Besides, were I not obliged, on the account of your extraordinary Bounty, who have from time to time so plentifully stored me with all the Rubbish *of the Age, to give you the Tribute of my mean* Talent, *I ought in Civility to beg your* Pardon *for Monopolizing upon your property, besides your* Apology *to all our Friends for the* Errata's *of*

the Press, *which you would not forgive the meaneſt* Hackney *without a Broad-ſide of Curſes.*

I muſt confeſs they are your Right, *and you might have made that Advantage of them in ſingle Sheets, which I never expected to make of the Impreſſion.*

But I hope you, whom the wiſer Fundaments *have thought fit to make their* Scavenger, *will not leave this ſudden motion a Nuſance to the vulgar Multitude, but preſerve it*

from their Violence, till, like the rest of your former Collections, *it comes to the best hands, and if it serves them in its proper Use, it shall be acknowledged a Favour beyond the Merit of*

Your most Divoted Friend
and Humble Servant

M. T.

THE PREFACE TO OVID'S EPISTLES.

These Epistles of Ovid *being so Elegantly Translated by the most Eminent wits of the Times, I will not presume so far upon my self, to think I can in a mean Burlesque add any thing to their vast Undertakings.*

Purpureus latè qui splendeat, *&c.*
as Horace *sayes.*

Nor will I trouble your Head or mine, to know whether this great Atlas *in Poetry was banisht for the lasciviousness of his Rhimes, or his Debauching the Emperour's Daughter; whether by* Corinna *was meant* Julia, *or by* Julia Corinna, *or both, or neither.*

Nec

Nec flocci facio.

This I dare with my Author affirm, That he was a Gentleman of an antient Family, and had a pretty splendid Fortune; and whether he was designed for the Study of the Law or Gospel, I cannot tell: but this I dare presume to say, he was as smart a Wit, and as good a Poet, as He or I, or the very best of his Translators.

Nescivit quod bene cessit.

And though he had many Contemporaries, and notable Rhimers in his own time, yet I cannot in all the Catalogue of Virgil, Catullus, Tibullus, or Propertius, *find, that ever he made Use of a Club-wit, to help him out in his Epistles.*

O Tempora! O mores!

Yet, in our Polite Age, it makes me wonder that so many able Workmen should joyn their Shreds and Thrums together, to dress him up in a Buffoons Coat, when I really conceit (and I question not but there are more Fools in the World of my Opinion) that I in my own simple naked shape, come near-

nearer the Original than the best on 'em.

Quo simplicius, &c.

But why Burlesque, an old-fashioned, short-wasted, crop-skirted Fustian Jerkin, when long Robes is all the Mode? It is a plaguy thing to be out of the fashion.

Paupor Aristoteles cogitur ire pedes.

But needs must when the Devil drives.

Præstat otiosum esse quam nihil agere.

Well, were I a M, or a Sir C. for half their number of Acres in good English ground, I wou'd quit all my Title to Parnassus, *and engage never to write Burlesque; nay, nor any thing else while I liv'd.*

Cedant Arma Togæ.

Who had not rather be an Ass and an Alderman, than a Wit and a Beggar; and had n't rather hear the gingling of Guinneys, than the ratling of Rhimes? 'tis better Harmony: and thirty Foot in London *well improvid, is a better sight, and yields more Interest per annum, than forty Distichs of Heroick.*

O fortunati nimium!

But every one to his Trade.

Nemo sine Crimine vivit.

I must confess, as they splay'd the Author before, I have gelt them: and why not? if these Brothers of a Mystery joyn together to clip the Kings English, because it comes first through their hands; and it fall next into my clutches, shall I not come in for a snack?

I put no Silver Plate upon a Copper stamp; nor do I set my Rubies in Gold and inamelling, to make them pass for Diamonds, but shew the down-right brazen-fac'd naked truth of the matter. Nor am I half so guilty of Clipping as my Masters.

Plura desunt.

Of twenty four Epistles of the Primitive Author, there are but twenty three left remaining, and those so mangled and torn, and mis-placed from the decent Symmetry of Parts and Order they preserved for above Seventeen hundred years, that you can neither make Back nor Breast, Head nor Tail of 'em.

Tempora mutantur.

For my part, I observe the Method of my Translators; and if I have omitted any thing that was proper for my purpose, it was either because the Subject would not admit of Burlesque, or because it was done to my hand.

Telam texunt & retexunt.

Yet you will say it was a bold attempt, for a Pigmy Travestie *to take up the Cudgels against those mighty Giants in Heroick; so many* Briareus's *hands joyn'd against me, when I had not one Friend in the whole World to stick by me, to clap in a finger for a Preface, having scarce allow'd me a fortnights time for the Doing; as it was manifest to some Persons of Repute and Quality, who very well knew with what Expedition it was run off, and hurried into the Press, before I had time to peruse the Copies.*

But I do not hope to extenuate my faults by an Elaborate Epistle, or an insinuating Preface, so much Exploded amongst the Modern Sages: neither do I know the Use or ne-

neceſſity of troubling you with them, but that I would not be out of the Faſhion.

Verbum verbo.

I could convince you out of the Caldean, Arabick, *and* Syriack; *but I think a plain* Pica, *or a good* Italick, *fitter for my Readers Capacity, as well as my own; and why ſhould I trouble his Brains with what I do not underſtand my ſelf?*

Verbum Sapienti.

Leſt now I ſhould be thought more Affected than Learned, more Elegant than Pertinent, I ſubmit to thy Cenſure, and conclude with my Tranſlator,

Brevis eſſe laboro, obſcurus fio.

OVID'S

OVID's EPISTLES

SAPHO to PHAON.

The ARGUMENT

The Poetess Sapho being forsaken by the Lesbian Phaon, (who was gone from Lesbos to Sicily) and resolved in Despair to drown her self, writes this Letter to him before she dies.

WHile *Phaon* to the Hot-house hies,
With no less Fire poor *Sapho* fries.
I burn, I burn with Nodes and Poxes,
Like Fields of Corn with brand-tail'd Foxes.
My Bag-pipes can no longer please,
Nor can I get one Minutes ease;
Grunting all day I sit alone,
And all my old dear Cronies shun.
The *Lesbian* Sparks must claim no part,
Where thou hast stung me to the heart.
Ah wretch! how couldst thou be so cruel,
In my hot bloud to raise a fuel!

When

When Youth and Beauty bid you ſtay,
Then play the Rogue, and run away?
If nought oblige but equal pelf,
Go, keep your Favours to your ſelf.

Yet, ſilly as I am, I knew
The time, (which I ſhall ever rue,)
A time for all your mighty looks,
When I was ſomething in your Books:
A thouſand Tales of luſtion-ſtuff;
For I remember well enough
How cloſe about my Neck you hung,
When I began a Bawdy Song.
You thought me chief amongſt the Miſſes,
And often ſtopt my Mouth with Kiſſes,
Whoſe melting touch my Heart did ſtab,
In Earneſt of a coming Job.
You us'd a thouſand wanton tricks,
And play'd the Devil on two ſticks.
We to the buſineſs ſtifly ſtood,
And did as long as doing's good;

Nor

Nor cou'd we for our Lives give o're;
'Till we were fit to do more.
Beware *Sicilian* Wenches; he
Will coaks you all as well as me.
If you'l take notice of his Shams,
He'l tell you a thouſand lying Flams:
'Tis ſuch another flattering Villain,
He'l cheat you all, were you a million.
My Hair hangs down about my Knees,
And falls as faſt as Leaves from Trees.
Of all ill Luck I am the Pattern;
You'd ſwear I'm grown a very Slattern.
For whom ſhou'd I go fine and gawdy?
Why without him I am no Body;
And I ne'er lov'd to trick or trim
My ſelf for any one but him.
Oh! if I cou'd but once more ſee
That ſubtle piece of Letchery;
'Tis not thy Love I ask, not thine,
So thou wilt but accept of mine:

But to ſneak off when none did hold thee
Without Farewel, I needs muſt ſcold thee.
You might have ſaid, you ill-bred Bumkin,
God b'w'ye, kiſs my Arſe, or ſomething:
You might have ta'n your Leave at leaſt,
And not have gone off like a Beaſt:
For hadſt thou but the leaſt word ſpoken,
I had gi'n thee ſomething for a Token;
Tho' naught behind was left by thee,
But Shankers, Shame, and Infamy.

My Friends can witneſs what a quarter
And din I made at thy Departure.
When of thy Baſeneſs I was told,
I was ready e'en to die with cold;
Speechleſs, one word I cou'd not utter,
Only what in my Cups I mutter:
And tho' they brought good ſtore of Ale-in,
I could not ſpeak one word for railing.
At laſt, my Paſſion finding Vent,
In a Diſtraction out I went,

And

And like a Bedlam run about
The Streets, in hope to ſmell thee out.
Expoſing all I had to ſee,
E'en all that *Jove* had ſent to me;
Without Reſpect to Modeſtie,
Forgetting Shame, and all but thee;
So ill does Shame and Love agree.
For thee alone my Reſt I want;
I cannot ſleep for dreaming on't:
Which made the Night more welcome to me
Than any Day ſince you went from me.
Yet little did I dream you went:
For who'd dream of a Parliament?
Or who wou'd leave me here a Widow,
To feed my Fancy with your Shadow?
Yet ſpight of Abſence, I make ſhift
To help my ſelf at a dead Lift.
Wrapt in thy Arms the ſtroaks I number,
And do enjoy thee in a ſlumber.

Thy Words I hear, thy Kiſſes feel,
With all the Joyes I bluſh to tell.
But when I wake, and miſs thee there,
How I begin to curſe and ſwear!
Then to divert my preſent pain,
Take t'other Nap, and to't again.
Soon as I riſe mad as a Hawk
To ſee my ſelf ſo plaguy bawk't,
I run to Bawdy-houſe and Stoves,
The Scenes of our unhappy Loves.
Then like a drunken Bitch I ramble,
And rail alone at every Shamble.
Then do I caſt my Eyes about
Upon the little Bawdy Vault,
Whoſe moſſie floor, and roof of ſtone,
Pleas'd better than a Bed of Down.
But when I ſpy'd the graſſie Bed
Retains the print our Bodies made,
On thy dear ſide I ſquat me down,
And with a Flood the place I drown.

For

For to refreſh the wither'd Trees,
Since thou art gone, with Virgin-Lees.
No Birds frequent the Valleys now,
But the vile Screetch-Owl, or the Crow;
Who onely mourn for ſcarcity
Of Carrion, as I long for thee.
Oh, *Phaon*, didſt thou know my pain,
Thou wou'd thou woud'ſt come back again,
With the Diſeaſe I got from you,
My Eyes have got the Running too:
My conſtant Tears the Paper ſtain;
My hand can ſcarce direct my Pen.
Or cou'dſt thou ſee a little further,
How I my ſelf intend to murther:
Didſt thou but ſpy the fatal Loop,
Sure thou wou'd ſtrive to cut the Rope.
Peace, *Sapho*, ceaſe thy idle gabble;
Thou may'ſt as well appeaſe the Rabble:
Thou may (ſince thou art left behind)
As well go piſs againſt the wind.

Ceaſe, Fool, and ſince thou art forſook,
What you have loſt you may go look.
No more thy hopeleſs Love attend,
But hang thy ſelf, and there's an end.

CONACE

CONACE to MACAREUS.

The ARGUMENT.

Macareus *and* Conace *Daughter and Son to* Æolus *God of the Winds, lov'd each other inceſtuouſly.* Conace *was delivered of a Son, and committed him to her Nurſe to be ſecretly conveyed away. The Infant crying out, by that Means was diſcovered to* Æolus, *who inraged at the Wickedneſs of his Children, commanded the Babe to be expoſed to wild Beaſts on the Mountains; and withal, ſent a Sword to* Conace *with this Meſſage, That her Crimes would inſtruct her how to uſe it. With this Sword ſhe ſlew her ſelf: but before ſhe dyed, ſhe writ the following Letter to her Brother* Macareus, *who had taken Sanctuary in the Temple of* Apollo.

IF menſtruous Bloud can make a ſpot,
Imagine I am gone to pot.
One hand employs my Pen, alas!
With t'other hand I ſcrath my A----
In that ſame poſture now I write,
Juſt as my Father us'd to ſh----
Wou'd he were preſent with his Noſe,
T'extract the Eſſence of my cloſe;

That he might ſee while I am feigning
To die, what Mouths I make with ſtraining.
Jove made him ſure a farting Elf,
His Daughters are ſo like himſelf.
The North and South, and all their Blunder,
Are far beneath my poſterns Thunder.
Thoſe he can rule; but his lewd mind
Is like his huffing, unconfin'd.
Oh! to what end am I created
A Fool, to *Jove* to be related?
Or what avails his godly Pelf,
When I am like to hang my ſelf?
We yoak'd in an unlucky hour,
When you your Siſter did deflour.
And tho in you was no Remiſſneſs,
We were too hot upon the Buſ'neſs.
Why ſhoud'ſt in Blood raiſe ſuch a Bliſter,
To make a Miſs of thy own Siſter?
And why ſhou'd I prove ſuch another
Fondling, to love thee more than Brother?

For

For I lov'd too, and in thy Kiſſes
I found a Bait that never miſſes.
My Cheeks grew pale, and by my Strictneſs
I got a fit of the Green-ſickneſs.
With longing Thoughts I grew ſo lean,
I loſt my Colour quite and clean.
My Strength I loſt, and loſt my Blood;
My Meat and Drink did me no good.
I cou'd not ſpeak without a Tongue:
My Slumbers ſhort, my Nights were long;
Yet knew no Cauſe, nor cou'd I ſhew
A Reaſon for't, and yet I knew.

My wicked Nurſe that knew the Trade,
An old experienc'd bawdy Jade,
Well practis'd in the Art of Wooing,
Found I was willing to be doing.
'Tis Love, ſaid ſhe, and he is as ſtiff;
Which made me bluſh like any Maſtiff.
At laſt the naked Truth ſhe made me
Confeſs; my very looks betray'd me.

At length we ſtumble on the ſhelves;
And what we did, we know our ſelves.
When half denying half contented,
We met in full, and full conſented;
Then what with Joy, and what with that
Of guilt, my heart went pitty-pat.
My Roguery cou'd not be hid
When I began to be with Kid.
What Slaps and Syrrups Nurſe did vary,
To make the Bantling to miſcarry!
All to no purpoſe, for you know
No Carrion yet cou'd kill a Crow.
The ſturdy Brat, young Hans en Keldar.
'Gainſt all our Drugs his Lungs did ſhelter.
Nine months were paſt with Pangs & Tumblings,
When I complain of horrid Grumblings;
To that unhappy State I come,
Pain urg'd my Cries, Fear kept me dumb.
What plaguy Do they had t'unwhelp me?
And Mother Midnight cou'd not help me.

When

When thou, th'occaſion of the Fault,
Come in as ragged as a Colt,
Cry'd, Courage, Wench, holding my Back,
My own dear Siſter, and my Crack:
That very Word brought forth the Wonder,
And made my Haunches fall aſunder.
This Storm is o'er; but what is't, Brother,
While the old Huff can raiſe another?
At Council-board rock't in a Cradle,
The King lay with his blundering Rabble,
And through this hole, as Nick wou'd have it,
The child muſt paſs, or he wou'd ſlave it.
The Nurſe to ſave his pretty Grace,
Put on a zealous brazen face;
With Beads and Prayers ſhe feign'd to mutter,
As if her Mouth cou'd not melt Butter.
In Double-clout wrapt in her lap,
She through the Room thought to eſcape:
But Pox on all ill Luck, the Whore
Had hardly got him to the Door,

When

When ſtrait the Puppy fell a yelping,
What Bitch of mine has been a whelping?
Quoth he; and ſo he fell a plundering
The Placket-geer like Light and Thundering.
But when he found it was my Baſtard,
Defend me! how he ſtorm'd and bluſter'd?
As in his old fit of the Scurvy
He'd blow the Nation topſie-turvy:
He kept ſuch horrid noiſe and thumping,
I knew his meaning by his mumping.
Never was Sculler in ſuch pickle,
When Winds hold forth in Conventicle,
Then I, when he began to thunder me,
My very Bed did tremble under me,
He'd murder me for your deflouring;
I had much ado to ſcape a ſcouring.
But what went neareſt to my Gizard,
In ſpite of Prayers, the blundering Wizard,
To ſhew his Malice by and large,
And ſave the Pariſh of a Charge,

He

He ſends the Baſtard to the Bogs,
To be a Breakfaſt for the Dogs.
To have our Bowels tore, and rent
At ſuch a rate, wou'd vex a Saint.
Nay more than that, he ſent a Bully
To catechize me for my Folly:
Take this, much good may't do your heart.
A Rope, ſaid I? and here's a Fart.
To hang I am not ſuch a Mawking.
Your Father ſent it for a Token.
I know my Fathers tricks of old.
Your Father ſent you this, and told
To th' Uſe of it your Crimes aſſiſt you:
In ſhort, 'twas 'cauſe your Brother kiſs'd you.
My Father mought not been ſo rough:
I ſmoke the buſineſs well enough.
Well, tell him I'll obey his pleaſure
Some time when I am more at leiſure.
And is this all my Nuptial Dowry?
In troth a very pretty ſtory.

Burn

Burn me alive if I'd not rather
Be torn by Furies than my Father.
I wiſh my Siſter better luck,
Warn'd by my Sample how to truck.
Poor Monky! 'twas no Fault of thine;
It was thy Daddy's Sin, and mine.
In a curſt hour thou did aſſail us,
Dragg'd from the Cradle to the Gallows;
Where for my Fault they did berave thee,
Nor was it in my Power to ſave thee.
We did the Miſchief, thou muſt bang for't;
I'll follow after, though I hang for't.
And thou, my Comfort and Deſpair,
Be ſure thou bury us with Care:
To drop a Tear if thou'rt ſo civil,
Think for whoſe ſake I'm gone to th' Devil.
And keep my Will be ſure the rather,
'Cauſe I in this obey'd my Father.

PHILLIS.

PHILLIS to DEMOPHOON.

The ARGUMENT.

Demophon, *who was Son to* Theſeus *and* Phædra, *in returning from the* Trojan *War into his own Country, was by a Tempeſt driven upon the Coaſts of* Thrace, *where* Phillis, *who was the Queen of* Thrace, *entertain'd him, and married him. When he had ſtayed with her ſome time, he heard that* Meneſtheus *was dead; who after he had conquered* Theſeus, *had uſurpt the Government of* Athens: *and under Pretence of ſetling his own Affairs, he went to* Athens, *and promiſed the Queen that he would come back again in a Moneth. When he had been gone four Moneths, and that ſhe had heard no News of him, ſhe writes him this Letter.*

I Did not think you ſuch a Dunſtable,
That you ſhou'd thus outrun the Conſtable,
And ſtay ſo long from your own *Phillis*,
As true a Wench as e're was *Willis*.
I gave you a Month, and thought 'twas well:
But give an Inch, you'll take an Ell.
Thrice did the Moon her horns renew;
As many a time I gave 'em you.

Did

Did you the Hours and Minutes tell,
As *Phillis* does, and lov'd ſo well,
You'd think 'twere time you ſhou'd be throng-
To ſatisfie a Womans Longing. [ing
With all the pleaſure that is in it,
I did expect you every Minute:
And ſtill I hoped for the better;
But there's no truſting mortal Creature.
A thouſand bloody Oaths I ſwore,
I ſaw thy Sculler make to ſhore;
And all your Friends that ſtopt your Sail,
I curſt 'em to the Pit of Hell.
Sometimes I fear'd ſome old Curmudgeon
O'th' Deep had gulpt thee for a Gudgeon;
And beg'd of *Jove* to let thee ſnort,
Tho I was ne're the better for't.
I clapt my hand upon my Bum,
And every blaſt I cry'd, he's come.
Nay ſtill I found ſome new pretences
To cry thee up amongſt the Wenches:

And

And yet you ſtand upon Reſiſtance,
And keep a Body at ſuch Diſtance,
As if I were not worth the Longs
To touch me with a pair of Tongs.

I priz'd your Promiſe, like a Fool;
But 'twas great Cry and little Wool.
What have I done? I was a Beaſt
To be ſo fond of ſuch a Gueſt,
Pox take all Fondlings: I can tell
The cauſe, I lov'd you but too well:
What ſignifies your flattering words?
Where are your Gods? not worth two turds.
Where's *Hymen* too, that old Match-monger?
I can't forbear him any longer.
You ſwore by all that's good and right,
By Bell, by Book, and Candle-light,
You'd never leave me while you ſtaid;
Then hang an arſe, and pox the Jade.
You ſwore by all the Gods that be,
(But what have they to do with thee?)

By *Juno*, *Venus*, ne'er to budge,
Till Death depart, from your old Drudge.
And what more than thy parting griev'd me,
I like a silly Jade believ'd thee.
Who'd think thee such a damn'd Dissembler?
But thou art worse, a very Rambler.
When you came thumping Helm a Larbour,
To look for shelter in my Harbour,
My Charity I do not rue,
In giving thee an Alms or two:
But that it ever shou'd be said
I made thee free of Board and Bed,
A Curse attend the Carrier down
The first day brought thee to the Town,
And gave thee that unlucky cast;
I wish that day had been my last:
Then had I dy'd a Maid, and well,
Tho' for it I had Ate in Hell.
Is it for such a pickled Sturgeon,
Such 'bus'ness to deceive a Virgin?

You've

You've got a Booty, march, God b'w'ye,
My Maidenhead, and much good do ye;
And all the good you got thereby,
You may e'en put it in your Eye.
When all your Friends lay ſtrong Devices,
And get a Fame by fighting Prizes,
This for your Honour we'll intrench,
That you betray'd a ſilly Wench.
Of all thy Fathers acts and merits,
Which thou ſo naturally inherits,
Like him thou haſt one good condition,
The gift of lying by commiſſion.
He ſtole from *Ariadne*'s Bed,
And ſhe the better bargain had:
But I am ſham'd by Rook and Bully,
For yielding to ſo mean a Cully.
Cry, Let her march off with a Pox;
We'll find a Fool to rule the ſo'ks.
Yet ſhou'd you come again, as ſoon
You'll find 'em in another tune:

Then wou'd they ſay, the Cuckold, let her
Take him again, ſhe can't do better.
But why ſhou'd I fiſh in this Puddle,
And with ſuch Crotchets crack my Noddle?
He's gone for ever, gone to pot;
Rub'd off with what ſmall Geer he's got.
Although he ſcrew'd with other Pegs,
When you were laſt between my Legs,
How ſweet upon me were you then?
You kiſt, and ſwore you'd come again.
Drown'd in a Flood we both were laid,
That very night you piſt the Bed.
Curſing Misfortune, Wind, and Weather,
That part which brought us firſt together;
Then ſaid, methinks I hear thee ſtill,
I'll come, upon my Life I will.
You'l come, but when, the Devil's blind.
Can I expect you'l be ſo kind,
When I'm convinc'd you plaid the Wag
On meer deſign to give the Bag?

Yet

Yet I cou'd wiſh with all my heart
And guts thou'd make a little ſtart.
What do I ask? Thou haſt perhaps
Another Trollop by the Chops;
And has by this forgot my Name,
What Geer I am, or whence I came.
But I ſhall ſtrive to blow the Embers,
And ſtudy to rub up your Members.
'Twas I thy ragged ſtate condoling,
Preſerv'd thee when thou came a ſtroling:
Kept thee from ſtinking in the Socket,
With many a Twopence lin'd thy Pocket.
I gave thee all, I gave ſo faſt,
The Devil and all, my ſelf at laſt;
My Farm in Copy-hold and Tail,
In Truſt, till you began to fail:
Which was too much for any woman
To occupy without a Common:

Which makes me wish thee in my Warren,
For fear the Burrough shou'd grow barren.

All day I view the winds with sadness,
Ready to drown my self for madness.
In the next Pond just like a Bedlam,
Was like to throw my self down headlong.
Nay, since you use me thus so ill,
I am resolv'd to do it still.

Sometimes I think to make a proof
Of Hemlock, Ratsbane, or such stuff;
Then to revenge me on the Elder,
Wou'd stab thee through in *Hans en Kelder*;
Or in a Nooze of Hemp or Leather,
Surer than that brought us together,
Think decently my self to strangle,
And in that plight hang dingle-dangle.
Thy Wife, the flouts are thrown upon her,
Thus with my Life to clear my Honour;

There on my Tomb write this Inscription,
Who dearly lov'd to be a bitching:
Here lies poor Phillis, *worth a Million,*
The trueſt Jade to th' falſeſt Villain;
He was the cauſe of her undoing;
And thank her ſelf for her own ruine.

HERMIONE to ORESTES.

The ARGUMENT.

Hermione, *the Daughter of* Menelaus *and* Helena, *was by* Tindarus *her Grandfather (to whom* Menelaus *had committed the government of his house when he went to* Troy) *contracted to* Orestes. *Her Father* Menelaus *not knowing thereof, had betroth'd her to* Pyrrhus *the Son of* Achilles; *who returning from the* Trojan *Wars, stole her away. Whereupon she writes to* Orestes *as follows.*

TAke this, *Oreſt*, with commendation
From your own Buttock and Relation;

Nay more, your Wife, but that I buckl'd
T'another ſince, and made thee Cuckold.
All that a ſilly woman knew,
I (*Troy*) H againſt, but 'twould not do.
Stand off, ſaid I, and quit my Placket,
Or my good man will bruſh your Jacket.
Yet did he drag me by the Breech,
Through th' gutters, like a new-lim'd Bitch.
What cou'd I ſuffer more of Rack,
If all *Troy*-Town were on my back?

If

If thou haſt left one dram of kindneſs
For an old Friend, uſe no more ſhineſs;
But like a Tyger come, my Rogue,
Save me from this Whore-maſtring Dog.
What, can you turn a Tory-catcher,
And ſee me raviſh'd by a Thatcher?
Think how my Father, that old Coxcomb,
Fell on his Rival with a Pox to 'em;
And to redeem his little Crack,
Rais'd all the Town upon his back.
Had he had not hector'd, hufft, and tore,
At ſuch a Rate, he'd loſt his Whore.
Nor need you ſend a Crowd to huff him,
Your ſelf will be enough to cuff him.
Nor will you ſure your ſelf diſparage;
You're mine by Bloud, as well as Marriage.
Then make all ſpeedy preparation
To ſave your Wife, and your Relation.
When the old Pimp ſecur'd me yours,
I little dreamt of a Divorce;

Or

Or e're to ſtretch my hams abroad,
To one I hated like a Toad.
So well you tickled up my Toby,
I never cou'd endure this Looby.
Full well my Father knows, the Letcher,
What 'tis to love old Cony-catcher:
And I muſt do't, what e'er come after;
You know I am the Father's Daughter.
My Caſe is his; and *Pyrrhus* carries
A Thiefs look too, as well as *Paris*.
Let 'em all crack of Deeds and Wonders,
Of their high Birth, of Claps, and Thunders,
Of *Jove* and *Juno*, and the reſt on 'em,
Thou art as well born as the beſt on 'em.
And can I, having tongue to us't,
Stand by, and ſee my Friends abus'd?
I've one way left before my dying,
And that's to break my heart with crying.
But what does't value while he lyes out?
For ſhou'd I cry my very Eyes out,

Cat after kind, I can't escape,
We're all too subject to a Rape.
I need not tell you how a Swan
Ravish'd my Granny for a man:
How *Hippodame* the Youth did gull her,
And drove her in an open Sculler:
Poor *Timdar* ravish'd by a Boy,
And afterwards sent back from *Troy*.
I scarce remember it, and yet
Now I think on't, I remember it.
So like the rest of my curst Kindred,
I'm kept from thee by such as hinder it.
If old *Achilles* had but seen,
I'll burn if ever this had been;
He wou'd not to part man and wife,
Do such a trick to save his life.
Ye Gods, what was my Accusation,
To come of such a Generation!
My Dam, that picture of ill luck,
She was as true as ever struck.

'Tis

'Tis a strange Race, while she was chief in't,
If there be neither Whore nor Thief in't,
Scarce had my Father turn'd his back,
To *Paris* she became a Crack:
As soon as e'er the Wittal left her,
Who like a Fool run madding after,
He to the Wars, she with her Cully,
While I was left without a Bully;
For that same Booby *Pyrrhus*, he
Had never one good look of me.
Orestes is my whole delight;
But if you'll have me, you must fight:
Pyrrhus detains me since the War 'gan,
That's all the good I got by th' bargan.
All day I sit, while Gossips chat,
As melancholy as a Cat:
Sometimes I grunt, sometimes I grumble,
And all the night I toss and tumble:
At sight of him I burst out so,
I make a Chamber-pot o'erflow:

And, while I flabber, spit, and drivil,
I hate him as I do the Devil.

Tho' under Canopy of Diaper,
I shun him as I wou'd a Viper:
And when he gets within my Quarters,
I cry, *Oreſt*, beshrew your Garters.
That very fancy makes me do
The thing which I shou'd act with you.
Oreſtes, come, and make him fly fort;
I'll be thy Wench, or else I'll dye for't.

LEANDER to HERO.

The ARGUMENT.

Leander accustomed nightly to swim over the Hellespont *to visit* Hero (*Priestess of* Venus *Temple*) *being at last hinder'd by storms, sends her the following Epistle.*

ACcept this Token from your most,
Who'd rather been himself the Post!
Smile, Sweet, if you win my heart,
I had as lieve you'd let a Fart.
'Twou'd be a Token of thy Kindness,
Since thy *Leander*'s left in blindness,
And cannot see, ill chance so happens,
Thy face without a brace of Capons.
When Seas and Winds oppose my Team,
For there's no striving 'gainst the stream,
Then I betook me to my Writing;
'Twill serve you when you go a sh—ing.
Blest Paper! to what happy pass
Art thou ordain'd, to kiss her A—

Seven

Seven nights, with cursing wind and weather,
I have not let my Eyes together:
Tho' I can see not all their pother,
As deep in Millions as another;
From highest Cliff, though ne'er so active,
I cou'd not spy thee with Prospective.
This cross-grain'd fit I had the leisure
To think upon our former Pleasure;
And like the Billows in the main Sea,
Dissolve my self in strength of fancy.

'Twas Night when I first fought the Port;
Plague on the Queen that spoil'd the sport!
When I did tread, thy poor *Leander*,
The *Hellespont* like any Gander,
And *Cynthia* looke pale and meager,
As if she envy'd us together.

My arms grew weak, when hopes t'imbrace her
With thoughts of thee put on new vigour;
And billows fly about my chops,
In a fresh storm, as thick as hops.

Soon

Soon in the window I espy'd
Thy Candle-snuff, this was my Guide,
When starv'd with cold the glimmering Blaze
Did make me put on heart of Grace;
And more than Sops of Honey-suckles
Did in the Flood revive my Cockles.
Then looking sharp, cag'd like a Parrot,
I spy thy Hawks-bill in the Garret.
Straight thou espies, and tho i'th' dark,
Full glad thou was to see thy Spark;
And met me half way over, not it,
So mad you were for to be at it.

The shore I gain'd, nor did you stickle
T'accept me in that ruful pickle:
Cloath'd me, and on my naked Dock
Unstript your self to clap your Smock,
Leaving your Bum without a Case,
Naked and bear as a Birds Arse.
What then we did, our selves know best,
Nor ought the Deed to be expresst.

We

We knew 'twas ſhort, and thought no crime
To make the beſt Uſe of our time.
So eager were we on the Plunder,
To recollect wou'd be a wonder.
'Tis day; and now I ſneakt with groans,
Like an old Dog had loſt his ſtones.
I go away as after frightning,
But I return like Fire and Lightning.
Seſtos I loath, my native Cottage,
With thee I'd rather ſup Peaſe-pottage.
Why won't *Abidos* then come hither?
Since we piſs in a Quill together.
We're linkt in Body, link't in Mind;
Why ſhou'd not then our Farms be joyn'd?
The Seas and Winds keep me aluff,
Depending on an humorous Huff:
They loſe me many a Bout, and mar all
My Viſits till they end the Quarrel.
When firſt upon the ſhore I lighted,
The Fiſhes lookt as they were frighted;

And gaz'd upon my brawny Haunches,
As they were ſcar'd out of their ſenſes.
But now they make no wonder on me,
I am become a mighty Cronie;
And ſince I'm ſtopt by th' weather the Calves
Do miſs me much, my Brother Sea-calves.
Oft have I curſt the tireſome way,
But oftner far have damn'd my ſtay.
To ſculk at home each ſtorm that's pelting,
As if I were afraid of melting.
If Summer-blaſts keep us aſunder,
What ſhall we do in Snow and Thunder?
E'en then I will not ſtay much longer,
But plunge away like any Conger.
T'allay the boaſting winds, I'll cuff 'em;
And if they wont aſſwage, I'll huff 'em.
Of my glad ſcape thy arms are proof,
There I confeſs I'm warm enough;
Or if I dye the Road along,
Then there's an end of an old Song.

I know the Flouds will have the grace
To waft me to the wonted place:
Or if they don't, my amorous Carkaſs
Knows all the windings to your Stair-caſe;
Which ſure in Complement you'll greet
With tail of Shift for Winding-ſheet:
Yet can't with ſtroaking hand reſtore
The Part you oft reviv'd before.
If this offend you, uſe your Charms
To lanch me lafer through the Storms:
But when you have me in your Station,
Then let it roar, and tear the Nation.
'Twill give my ſtay ſome fair pretences
To gratifie my lewder Senſes.
Till then, admit this Scrawl to bloſſom,
And gather Flowers in your Boſom.
Lodg'd in thy breaſt 'twill be ſome comfort,
Although it after kiſs thy Bum for't.

HERO's Anſwer to LEANDER.

By the ſame Hand.

WIth laughing when I read your Proſe,
I was ready to bepiſs my hoſe:
And nothing elſe, except your ſtick
Cou'd ſo much tickle me to th' Quick.
Excuſe my Paſſion (Sir) for no man
Can find the bottom of a Woman.
You can divert your ſelf with roaring,
About your buſ'neſs, drinking, whoring,
Hunting and hawking, and the ſame;
For well I know you love the Game:
Lay Traps to catch the Fox and Gooſe,
While you forget your amorous Nooze.
While I've no more to eaſe my Clog
Than Patience, med'cine for a Dog;

Or

Or with my Nurſe ſit down complaining on't,
To know what plague ſhould be the meaning on't,
About the Coaſts I keep a racket,
And ſend to thee by every Pacquet.
When Night draws on, I keep me waken,
And light a Candle for a Beacon;
Advance the Snuff upon the Save-all,
Each hour expecting thy Arrival.
Then poring o'er my work, I wonder,
What plague's become of my *Leander?*
I'm ſo beſotted with thy tails,
That I can think of nothing elſe.
What thinks thou, Wench, is my *Leander*
Return'd as yet, or is he yonder?
Come pray thee tell me, is he ſtripping,
Already plung'd, and forward tripping?
While ſleepy as a Dog, and nodding,
The drowſie wretch replies a Pudding.

Yet can't I from thy fancy waver,
He's come, he's coming now or never.
Then Jayl-bird-like in Grate I'm plac't,
And many a longing look I caſt:
Each nook and corner I examine,
And pray the Flouds that they may damn him
When next he croſt them, for his wronging
And bawking thus a womans longing.
Each voice I hear: if Nurſe but ſneezes,
Or break behind in gentle Breezes,
I ſtrait conclude the wind is weſtern,
And 'tis the muſick of the Poſtern.
At laſt, my comfort, while I ſnort,
I fancy we are at the ſport:
I claſp'd my ſhanks about your middle,
And thought you plaid upon my Fiddle.
My Fountain burſt into a ſtream,
But Pox upon't, 'twas but a Dream;

For though I think on nought but you,
Without your ſelf 'twill never do:
'Tis like a Banquet of Black-puddin
Without a dram of fat or bloud in.

Laſt night indeed you'd ſome pretences
To keep you back, beſides your Wenches;
The Seas were rough: but now 'tis fair,
You might afford to take the Air.
You need not, finding no reſiſtance,
Keep a poor Devil at ſuch diſtance,
And hold that cheerful Cup of Mantling
From her that longs like one with Bantling.
Is it for fear you ſhift and ſhuffle?
I knew you in a harder ſcuffle:
If it be ſo, ſtill be a ſtranger,
Rather than hazard any danger.

But ſtill I beg, if ought befell,
Keep counſel, do not kiſs and tell.

Not of thy Change there's any rumour,
But that it is my ſimple humour.
For ſince I ſee your baſe Contrival,
I fear not abſence, but a Rival.
Return ye Flouds that hither blew him,
And let him come, with a murrin to him.
A luckie ſign! I ſee a Gander
Ith' Candle; oh! 'tis my *Leander.*
My Nurſes tail has got a Drum in,
And ſwears 'tis token of your coming;
And has obſerved by the Crickets,
Some Strangers making to'ards our Thickets.
Come then, *Leander*, croſs the Ditch,
That I may ſay ſhe is a Witch:
I cannot budge without thee; come,
No Pillow like *Leander's* Bum.
To ſhew I'm willing, I will meet thee
Chin-deep i'th' *Helleſpont* to greet thee.

My

My Thing's my own; while no one ſees,
Sure I may uſe it as I pleaſe.
A Pox of Fame and Reputation,
Why ſhou'd it ſpoil our Recreation?

How cou'dſt thou from our warmer Pillows
Thy *Hero* leave, to hug the Billows?
In ſuch a ſtorm to croſs the Road,
Tarpolling durſt not peep abroad?
For all your boaſting and bravadoes,
You muſt not think for to invade us;
Nor muſt you ſtrive to ſwim, when Oars
And Scullers dare not croſs the ſhores.

I oft advis'd you, but 'twas non-ſence,
For it went e'en againſt my Conſcience;
Yet when I think on't, in the morning
I cannot chuſe but give thee warning.

Nor wou'd I have thee croſs the ſtream
By any means, for laſt nights Dream:
Methoughts I ſaw a monſtrous Sturgeon,
All batter'd, crying for a Surgeon,

All

All naked too, cast by the flood,
Which I'm afraid portends no good.
What e're it be, I wou'd advise thee
Be merry and wise, let that suffice thee.
The storm's so high, it can't be lasting;
Then once more venture a Bumbasting.
Till then, thy *Hero*'s fate condole,
And stay thy stomach with this Scrole.

LAODA-

LAODAMIA to PROTESILAUS.

The ARGUMENT.

Protesilaus *lying wind-bound at* Aulis *in the* Grecian *Fleet designed for the* Trojan *War, his Wife* Laodamia *sends this following Epistle to him.*

AFter my hearty Commendation,
Thy *Laodam* sends Gratulation.
The scolding storms that scar'd thee from me,
Why don't they send thee packing to me?
Wou'd Hurricanes destroy'd their Hutches,
So I but had thee in my Clutches.
In hast thou throng'd to be a Warrier,
But thou't return with *Long* the Carrier.
So raging mad I was to see thee,
I cou'd not frame to say, God b'w'ye.
A merry gale in stead abast her,
And oft I cry'd, Fair weather after.

I lookt and lookt, till by this Light,
I lookt, and lookt thee out of ſight.
Then did ſuch fits o'th' ſudden hold me,
That I was ready to befoul me.
My Sire and Dam griev'd at the Miſchance,
Came running all to my aſſiſtance;
With water and ſome Rags they threw,
They made me clean with much ado.
They meant it well, but had been kinder,
To leave me here to the Gold-finder.
My Bowels grumble, down I ſit,
And fall into another fit;
Since which, undreſt, my Coats do flow
About my Ears, I know not how.
Thus I run ſtaggering round about,
Like one of *Pem*---- drunken Rout.
Put on, put on, your Gown and Mantue,
My Neighbours cry, the Goſſips want you.
Alas! you may go dreſs, talk bawdy,
What joy have I in going gawdy?

Shall

Shall Tow'rs and Knots my head environ,
And he have nothing but cold Iron?
I'le caſt my Snout o're my right ſhoulder,
And be a Slut while you're a Souldier.
Paris, I wiſh thee ne'er a Rag,
Or that thy *Nell* had been a Hag.
Oh *Menelaus*! I ſee clearly,
Thy Wenches Tricks will coſt thee dearly.
From me, ye Gods, divert the Thunder,
And ſend him laden home with plunder.
But when you talk of Wars, you ſtale me;
My very heart begins to fail me.
Hector I fear, that blundering *Hector*,
Of Limbs they ſay, a great Diſſector,
My dear, if thou obſerve me duly,
Beware of that notorious Bully;
Nay all, to be thy Life's Protector,
Leſt every one ſhou'd prove a *Hector*.
Give to thoſe mighty men of Arms way,
And keep thy Coxcomb out of harms-way.

Let the fond Cuckold hew and thump it
Through all the Crowd, to his old Strumpet.
They are another sort of Cattel,
But we shou'd fight a later Battel.

Brave *Trojans*, spare your bloudy Hanger,
From one that is not worth your anger.
My poor good-natur'd Fool in place
Of Danger dare not shew his Face.
I'th' field he stands aloof, and blunders;
But in the Sheets he can do wonders.
Let them go fight, and find a Tomb
Abroad, can do no grace at home.

To let thee go, by what the Wizard
Inform'd me, went against my gizard:
When you were like (I heard her mumble)
To crack your Crupper with a Rumble.
Be not too forward in your anger,
Or you may chance to rue the Danger.

The first that lands upon the Spot,
You know is dettin'd to the pot.

Be

Be not too hasty in the heap,
But learn to look before you leap.
To get a broken Pate or so,
You'l be too soon, tho' ne'er so slow.
In thy Retreat bestir thy thighs;
And if you fall, stay not to rise.

When shall I split my hoofs asunder,
And in thy paws lye melting under?
Catch thee alone to tell me stories
Of Cocks and Bulls, and *Trojan* Tories;
Then make a thousand wanton passes,
With scrubbing Gills, and rubbing Noses.

But when I think on *Troy*, I feel
My Spirits sunk into my heel;
And tho' the Winds were quite contrary,
No Mischiefs cou'd perswade thee tarry.
All Switch and Spur, for old Pug Nasty;
To hang you wou'd not be so hasty.
How canst thou hope to go through stitch,
To side with an Adulterous Bitch?

But I'll ne'er waste my Lungs upon't,
Bouze on, and see what will come on't:
Poor *Trojan* Cullies, troth, I pity ye,
To see a Harlot thus beshit ye:
I see how *Nell* intends to buckle
Up with her Groom, poor *Hector* truckle:
I see how she collogues, and grudg
The Simperings of her weary Drudg.
She leads the Wittal by the hand,
And he returns at her Command.
To bear the Horns he is not nice;
Obeys, and thinks he has a prize:
Now he returns, and she with speed
Receives him to polluted Bed.
We Women 'cause we cannot flatter,
Must make the best of a bad matter.
Yet still thy Picture I am woing:
Pox on't, it cost a Groat the Drawing.
That I caress, and decently
I place it there where thou shou'd be

I talk, and hug, and ſmug, and try'd all
The wayes to pleaſe the ptetty Idol.
But by this Light and Candle burning,
If I hear not of thy Returning,
As this is drink, and by this Cup,
As I intend to drink it up,
To whate'er Coaſt thou runs a Madding,
Since thou delights to be a gadding,
I'le come and ſtick upon thy skirt,
As cloſe as ever Sweat-wrung Shirt.
Farewel; but pray thee bear in mind
Thy *Dowſabel* thou left behind.

PARIS to HELEN.

The ARGUMENT.

Paris *having Sail'd to* Sparta *for the obtaining of* Helen, *whom* Venus *had promised him as the reward of adjudging the prize of Beauty to her, was nobly there entertain'd by* Menelaus, Helen's *Husband; but he being call'd away to* Crete, *to take possession of, which was left him by his Grand-father* Atreus, *commends his Guest to the care of his Wife. In his absence* Paris *Courts her, and writes to her the following Epistle.*

TO thee my *Duck*, and pretty Sweeting,
Thy *Paris* sends all Health and greeting;
Tho' he (unless you be so kind)
Have for himself left none behind.
Shall I then speak? Or is't your pleasure
I stay till we have better Leasure,
When fear of Folks may not disturb us,
And we may do it to the purpose?
But if you'd needs my Pipes be draining.
And by my Mumping know my meaning;

In ſhort, I love, you pretty Brat you,
And have a Months mind to be at you.
Forgive me, *Nell*, I am ſo blunt;
Our Betters have before us don't.
I muſt confeſs I'm full of grief,
And hope you'l give your Slave Relief.
How am I tickled with conceit,
To think theſe Lines ſhall kiſs your Feet?
I hope if they creep in your Favour,
You'l ſhew my ſelf no woſſe Behaviour.
And ſure thoſe hopes can't be betray'd,
If *Venus* has not plaid the Jade:
She promis'd me for Service done her,
You ſhou'd be Mine, upon her Honour;
And for that cauſe I croſt the Kennel,
To come here fawning like a Spaniel:
I brought my Paſſions here, not found 'em;
(Wou'd by the way I cou'd have drown'd 'em.)
I come but for my Due, beſhrew you,
You were my own before I knew you;

And e're thy pretty Pigsneys I
Beheld, I had thee in my Eye.
No marvel then at such a wideness,
Your arrows thus did gall my Kidneys:
'Twas so decreed; and less you glory
In your own Bane, observe this story.
I was predestin'd for my *Nelly*
E're I was born, in Mother's Belly;
Who dream't she did the Baby dandle,
Deliver'd of a farthing Candle.
She scar'd, the Baggage at the Vision,
To Conjurer hyes with Expedition:
They said with Fire I *Troy* shou'd ruin;
But sure it must be with my woing.
For fear, they sent me to the Boggs,
To keep the Sheep, and tend the Hogs:
A proper, handsome, sturdy, tall Fool;
And well they knew I was no small Fool.
In *Ida's* Copse there is a Thicket,
And there we often us'd to nick it;

Where

Where there was neither Cat nor Mouſe,
Nor Paſture for to graze a Louſe.
Leaning againſt a ſtump of Bryer,
I ſaw one poſting through the Mire.
Such noiſe the very place I ſtood in
Shiver'd for fear, like *Devon* pudding,
When ſtraight I knew by's Badg of mortar,
Old *Jove* had ſent me his own Porter.
Led in his hand the Pimp had brought me
Three bouncing Wenches, and beſought me
I ſhou'd decide the ſtrife, and ſtop all
Their Mouths that water'd for an Apple.
He ſpake, and flew up in a Machin,
According to the modern faſhion.
When I perceiv'd what was to do,
I grew ſo proud there was no ho.
I view'd them round, Each in their turn,
Naked and bald as they were born.
They each deſerv'd, while I did fall
Horn-mad I cou'd not pleaſe them all.

But there was one, my Mouth did water
Above the rest for to be at her.
And who think you it was? I gave it
To *Venus*, as the Devil wou'd have it.
Nor did I do it at her own Quest,
'Twas for your sake I gave the Conquest:
Who for Reward assur'd me after,
I should enjoy your Mothers Daughter.
Mean while, I'm coopt amongst the Eagles,
And own'd as one of *Priam's* Beagles:
The shepherds threw their Crooks away,
And all the Court kept Holiday.
Stark mad for me run all the Wenches,
As I for thee have lost my Senses;
All the long night I melt like Jelly,
And dreamt of nothing but my *Nelly*.
What Doings then beneath the Cadow,
When I'm so ravish'd with your shadow?
Sure I must burn when I come nigher,
That Scorcht at such remote a Fire.

And now my Paſſion growing ſtronger,
I had no power to ſtay longer:
In ſpight of fortune, wind, and weather,
Father, and Friends, and all together,
I lanch out, and away I come,
To have a fillip at thy Bum.

Fortune that brought me to your ſhore,
Did land me in a lucky hour:
Your Husband, Good man, did contrive all
Obliging wayes to grace his Rival;
And I, to quite his Kindneſs, took hold
Of all ſwift means t'oblige the Cuckold.
Since I for thee my own dear *Nell* come,
Will you not alſo bid me welcome?
He kindly took me home, and ſtor'd me
With all reſpect he cou'd affor'd me;
Show'd me the Town, the *Spartan* Sages,
The Puppets, Drolls, the Stews and Stages:
But nothing pleas'd my Eye or Belly,
But the enjoyment of my *Nelly*.

The sight of thee reviv'd my heart;
The rest I valu'd not a fart.
Such are thy Charms, did thou but send
When the three Blousses did contend,
Thou out of joynt had put her Nose,
I shou'd a Shit in *Venus* hose.
Thou shou'd have got the golden Ball
For thy sweet sake I'de bawkt 'em all.
Thy beauty bears away the Bell,
And all the Parish rings of *Nell*.
It made indeed a grievous Clutter,
And does exceed what Fame did utter.
Thou art so pretty, neat, and dapper,
I cannot blame the old Kidnapper;
Make choice of thee above a Dutches,
And 'gross thee wholly in his Clutches.
But simply then to let you go!
For shame I wou'd not serve thee so,
Nor shou'd thou scape my Claws, 'tis I
Had got one Touch at G'ammar hi.

Come then, my wench, and I will ſhow
What mighty Wonders I can do:
Let us, ſince thou haſt got my heart,
Joyn Giblets once, and never part.
I might have had a Crown and Scepter
From *Juno*, if I wou'd a-leapt her.
I might have done with *Pallas* too,
But I refus'd 'em all for you.
Nor am I ſuch a ſlippery Eel,
To rue my choice; I'm true as Steel.
Do thou bear up as true to me,
As I 'bove all do value thee.
Nor need you, tho' you are allow'd
A little handſom, be ſo proud:
I am, for all your pretty pelf,
As well deſcended as your ſelf.
My Father has been twice Church-warden,
And has as large a houſe and Garden:
There you ſhall ſee the antient Riddles
How *Troy* was built with Harps and Fiddles:

The stately Courts and houses grow
With yellow Roofs of Golden straw;
Wagons and Carts, and spacious Pallets,
And crowds of People singing Ballats:
Whole troops of Dames in *Trojan* shape,
And Wenches shining in their Crape;
Which you'l prefer before the shabby
And tawdry vest of *Spartan Tabby*;
And must confess one Crate will tillage
More furrows there than all your Village.

I do not flant you with miscarriage,
Or that I would your house disparage:
But you that shou'd be deckt at least
With all the splendor of the East,
Shou'd not sit ragged, and condole
A way your dayes in a blind hole.
That face shou'd be adorn'd, my Girl,
To make folk gaze, with paint and pearl.
See by my *Trojan* Livery,
What tearing sparks the Ladies be.

The Dis-

Disdain not then, my pretty Jade,
To take a *Trojan* to your Bed.
Jove, that thinks scorn to be a Sutler,
Yet took a *Trojan* for his Butler:
And fair *Aurora* to her Lodging
Did hardly blush to take a *Trojan*:
And *Venus* put on all Disguises
To make a *Cully* of *Anchises*;
Nor rank't with him, your Husband can
Be thought the better Gentleman.
My Sire ne'er caus'd the Wain to stay,
And rob the Horses of their Hay:
My Race are of no *Newgate*-order,
Tainted with Felony or Murder:
Nor were they tantaliz'd in Fables,
Or whipt for stealing Plumbs and Apples.
To grace your Husband, you must flatter
Your Kindred *Jove* to mend the matter.

Ye

Ye Gods, that such a small-beer Trooper,
Not worthy scarce to kiss thy Crupper,
Shou'd hug, and lug, and coaks, and flatter,
And thy poor *Paris* mouth make water?
What shall I do? still tongue and smack,
And I ne'er come in for a snack?
When you the Bantling chuck, I take
And hug the Brat for th' Mothers sake.
Sometimes I take the Pot to piss,
And from my Bawble blow a kiss.
Sometimes I try to Bribe your Woman;
She tells me I'm a sot, and no man.
If I cannot your favour won,
I wish by any means 't were done,
By foul or fair, 'tis all as one.
Then in a Prayer as I begun,
I throw me at your feet along-----
Oh thou more bright and glittering Peacock,
Than both thy Brothers in a Hay-cock!

And

And fitter far for the Aboads
Of *Trojan* Dukes and *Pagan* Gods:
Either to *Troy* with thee I'll budge,
Or here I'll dye thy mortal Drudge.
I cou'd say more, but 'twill be better,
When we are both alone together.
Perhaps you will pretend, and scorns
To make your Ninny wear the horns.
Oh *Nelly*, can you be so simple
To think your Face without a Pimple?
Or change that Face, or be more kind:
Beauty and Grace are seldom joyn'd.
If thou thy Parents virtue conneſt,
Can *Jove* and *Leda's* Brat be honeſt?
Yet be as honeſt as you can,
At *Troy*, she's so that keeps to one.
But now, my Pug, Let's do a little,
Now in the absence of your Wittal.

He Courts you to it, who becauſe
He'd ſpoil no ſport, kindly withdraws.
No other time to go to *Crete*?
How obliging is a Cuckolds wit?
His chiefeſt Care above the reſt,
You ſhou'd be civil to your Gueſt;
But you forget the charge was giv'n,
And value not your Slave a pin.
And think you ſuch a ſenceleſs Lubbard,
Can prize the Treaſure of your Cup-board?
Sure did he underſtand the Danger,
He ne're wou'd truſt you with a ſtranger.
If neither I can move, nor he,
We 'are forc't by opportunity!
Nay, greater Fools than he, to bridle
Our Geer, and ſuch a time be idle!
You lie alone, and ſo do I;
Let's make one Bed, and ſo comply.

If

If you ſhou'd on nice ſcruples reckon,
I'll find a way to ſave your Bacon.
No preſident ſo like your Mothers,
That old Thief *Theſeus*, and your Brothers.
Theſeus ſtole you, and they ſtole *Mally*:
I'll be the fourth upon the Tally.

I have a Boat well mann'd and oar'd,
Able to take us both aboard.
Fear not a clamour will enſue
I've Aſſes, Men, and Clubs enough;
And I can (ſhou'd the Fool be rough)
Deal with your Husband well enough.
When but a Boy, I did ſo warble
A Jackanapes that ſtole my Marble.
Deiphob, and *Ilion* in my wrath,
With my own fiſt I cuft 'em both;
Beſides all this, I have a *Hector*,
Will read his Coxcomb ſuch a Lecture,
That I am ſure no force can harm me
Nor you; he is himſelf an Army.

Nay

Nay wench, you don't yet know me fully,
Who am predestin'd for your *Bully*.
Either from *Greece* no War shall follow,
Or if it does, thy Foes I'll swallow.
Nor think I'de basely lose my Forage,
That prize would give the Coward Courage:
Our Fire and Flame shall be inroll'd,
When you and I Pox all the World.
To Bed to Bed; and for the thing,
You'l find as good as you shall bring.

HELEN

HELEN to PARIS.

The ARGUMENT.

Helen *having received the fore-going Epiſtle from* Paris, *returns the following Anſwer. Wherein ſhe ſeems at firſt to chide him for his preſumption in writing, as he had done, which cou'd only proceed from his low opinion of her virtue. Then owns her ſelf to be ſenſible of the Paſſion which he had expreſſed for her, tho' ſhe much ſuſpect his Conſtancy, and at laſt diſcovers her inclinations to be favourable to him. The whole Letter ſhewing the Extream Artifice of Womankind.*

WHen Courtſhip grows impertinent,
You fancy Silence gives conſent.
With ſuch Deſigns how dare a ſtranger
Hope in our Park to be a Ranger?
When you came hither helter skelter,
Was it for this we gave you ſhelter?
You ſtudy'd to reward us finely
In troth we us'd you but too kindly;

Your partial will, ſince you came Starbor us,
May fancy I'm unchaſte and barbarous;
But I defie 'em for my Tail
That e're cou'd ſay black is my nayl.
No Coxcomb yet has had the Knack on't,
Nor ſhall I give 'em cauſe to crack on't.
How cou'd you have the Impudence
To hope a Queen ſhou'd be your Wench?
Becauſe a Royſter once, forſooth,
Thought me a Diſh for his own Tooth,
Do 'ye think I'm meat for ſuch a whorſon?
Marry come up, my Dirty Couſin;
Like him a Princeſs to beſtride,
Is't nothing elſe but up and ride?
But that was only for a Spurt
And I was more afraid than hurt.
He was a kind good natur'd Devil,
I doubt you'd hardly be ſo civil.
And do you think I ſcap't his force
For to become your ſtalking horſe?

Nor was't for want of good will neither
That I cou'd keep my Legs together,
For I cou'd do with all my heart
With one that cou'd perform his part.
But that I fear thou 'rt ſuch a ſloven,
When thou art in to fire the Oven;
And leave me glowing in that pickle,
You *Trojan* Fops are all ſo fickle.
Yet others Do the very Beſt on 'em,
Why ſhou'd not I as well as th' reſt on 'em?
Leda was raviſht by a Swan,
And why ſhou'd *Helen* fear a Man?
But ſhe had *Jove* whereof to glory,
And what have I? a *Trojan* Tory?
For all your boaſting and your cracking
Of *Phrygian* Blood, you may be packing.
Your Letter ſtuft with all the ſhams
That canting Goſſips call ſlim flams,
Cou'd ſhe but with your boaſting buckle,
Wou'd make a very Queen to truckle.

But if I either whore or pilf,
For any thing, it is your ſelf.
I'm none of thoſe ill-natur'd Bitches,
Sweeten a Coxcomb for his Riches.
But if I follow your Worſhips Highneſs,
It ſhall be meer ſtark Love and Kindneſs.
Not that thy preſents are a Clog,
For, Love my ſelf, and love my Dog.
But that for me ſo kind thou'ſt bin
To dabble here through thick and thin.
I have obſerv'd (tho' I can too
Diſſemble it as well as you)
How you'd turn up your goggle Eyes,
And play a thouſand amorous toyes;
Take after me the Pot and Baſon,
Nor would you ſlip the leaſt occaſion.
For thy fond tricks I bore the blame on 'em
And many a time I bluſht for ſhame on 'em.
I found thee willing by thy woing,
To do, what not? to be a doing.

Quoth

Quoth I, I fancy this Fop-Doodle
Wou'd fain be dabling in my puddle.
Come *Nelly*, come, you'l ſerve the turn,
To cool my Pipes, I burn, I burn:
While I that kept thee from my placket,
My ſelf was madder to be at it.

But oh! Thy face was ſo bewitching
I cou'd not chooſe but have an itching;
And though it were in Hall or Kitchin
Full dear I long'd to be a Bitching---
Of ſome young Rump I wiſh thy Maw full,
That thou may'ſt pray on Food that's lawful.
Tho' I am young enough, and pert too,
You muſt not think to tempt a Virtue.
You ask what's ſought by all Mankind,
As you have Eyes, they are not blind:
Circumfering Eyes make me their Center,
But you upon the Spot dare venture.
Had you been here before the Royſter,
You'd had the opening of the Oyſter.

But now too late, I've one to do't,
And you may kiſs the Rabits foot;
You ſhou'd have far'd before this Sot,
Yet I'm contented with my Lot.
Ceaſe then to force a Womans ſhineſs,
And do not wiſh me ſo much kindneſs.
You think, forſooth, it is my Duty,
Since the three Miſſes ſtrove for Beauty:
One offer'd Keys, another Locks,
And *Venus*, promis'd with a Pox,
For a Reward the reſt beguiling,
You ſhou'd of me have the defiling.
But thus to gratifie your pains
Can never beat into my Brains,
That ſuch nice Dames ſhou'd for a Ball
Uncaſe their ſcutts, and ſhew you all,
Then ſend to me to ſcowr your Rammer;
Don't think me ſuch an Innyhammer.
But grant it were, it is not ſuch
A Booty, though you got a touch:

I ſhould be prouder of my Looks
To be in yours and *Venus* Books.
Juno and *Pallas* gave a Fee,
And you refus'd 'em all for me.
Am I then ſuch a Dainty Bit?
What heart of Rock but muſt ſubmit?
Whate're you hear the Rabble ſay,
Diſſemble ſtill, yet mind your prey,
But to forbear's the better way;
Yet if you will be bold, you may.
But pray be private as you can,
For fear it come to my good man.
He's gon to ſee my Nuncle, ſpeed 'em,
And kindly left us to our freedom.
His Journey's long, and longer may
With all my Intralls be his ſtay.
I can't but tickle at his ſence
To leave it to my negligence;

When he to me did recommend
All things, but moſt his *Trojan* Friend;
I ſplit my ſides, and onely ſaid
My Dear, well you ſhall be Obey'd.
Fair Winds have blown him to a Far land:
What pains he takes to wear the Garland?
He's gon, yet ſtill I have ſome fears,
You know ſmall Pitchers have long Ears.
You bid me uſe my Time and Tool
Left me by the good eaſie Fool.
I wou'd---- and yet I doubt---pox ſplit it,
Twixt hope and fear I have be ſh----it.
We're both hot ſet; my Husband's gone;
I can't endure to lye alone.
One *Room*, and nothing but a Wattle
Divides between us and the Cattel.
Hang me but every thing's ſo lucky,
As if the Doe did cry, come Buck me.

You

You banter when you ſhou'd be preſſing,
By force to raviſh ſuch a Bleſſing.
Our Sex ſtill ready to receive,
And can take more than you can give.
I'de fain be Doing---yet 'twere beſt 'een
Give over, and leave off our jeſting.
'Tis bad to truſt our Geer with Strangers,
Whoſe Paſſions like themſelves are Rangers.
And how dare I truſt you my goods,
Who left *Oenone* in the ſuds?
Were you in Earneſt, yet you ſtay
But for a Caſt, and then away,
And ſculk from Table to your Scull,
Before I've half my Belly full.
But 'cauſe I'm expert at the ſport,
You'l keep m' a Miſs in *Priam's* Court;
Then of my Fame you'l blow the Trumpet,
And tell the World I am your Strumpet.

In

In *Troy* what credit shall I find,
And leave in *Greece* such shame behind?
When all the Town begins to stink on't,
What will the modest Ladies think ont?
You'l doubt as I left one for you,
I'll serve your self the same sawce too.
You'l be the first, your self will bang me,
I'de rather far your Grace wou'd hang me.
You promise heaps of *Trojan* Mountains,
But I more prize my Native Fountains.
If any of your Hectors kick me
Ith' Dirt, who have I there to lick me?
Medea was by *Jason* nubbled,
At such a rate I may be bubbled.
Poor silly *Devils* like my self,
Do often split upon that shelf.
Your teeming Dam brought forth a Link,
Which fier'd *Troy*, and made 'em stink:
Besides, some old prophetick Magots,
That *Troy* should smoke with *Grecian* Fagots.

I fear

I fear 'em both; nor is there truſting
To *Venus* in our Aid to thruſt in.
They'l be reveng'd: the roring Lyon,
Rob'd of his prey, with Death will fly on.
So great a wrong his Rage wou'd rouze,
And all my Friends his Cauſe eſpouſe.
You boaſt of Courage, but alas,
There's little ſign on't in your Face,
To turn it on thy ſwift purſuers:
Great Talkers are the meaneſt Doers.
Let Souldiers tend their Trump and Rattle,
Thou'rt timber'd for a ſafer Battel.
And *Hector* mind his Siege and Sallyes,
That's good for nothing but the Gallows.
Yet why ſhou'd Fears my heart amuſe,
Had I as much wit as a Gooſe?
I'm modeſt, yet upon the ſent,
In time I may grow impudent.
You haunt my Burrow late and early,
And onely do deſire a parley;

This

This is the Subſtance of your chat,
But I can gueſs what you'd be at.
In time, upon it you may chop,
And after Seeds may bring a Crop.
This is enough, without more ſhineſs,
To let you underſtand my kindneſs.
My Woman's truſty proof, and let her,
Who knows the Jig, inform thee Better.

PENE-

PENELOPE to ULISSES.

The ARGUMENT.

The Rape of Helen, *having carried all the Grecian Princes to the Siege of* Troy. Ulysses, *among the rest there ſignallix'd his manhood and prudence particularly. But the Siege at an end, and he not returning with the other Captains,* Penelope *ſends this Letter in Queſt of him. She had render'd her ſelf as deſervedly famous on her part, by reſiſting all the while the importunity of her Suitors, with an unuſual Conſtancy and Fidelity. She complains to* Ulysses *of their Carriage, ſhe likewiſe tells him her apprehenſions and fears for him during the War, and ſince aequaints him with the ill poſture of his Family through his abſence, and deſires him to haſten home, as the only means to ſet all right again.*

TO thy own *Pen* at length break home;
Send not, but with a vengence come.
Troy does not keep you now to guzle,
Not twenty *Troys* are worth that buzle.
I wiſh a Ruffian, ſome ſtout Sea-man,
Had drown'd him, bound to *Lacedemon.*

I ſhou'd

I ſhou'd not then have half the grumblings
Of tedious dayes, and midnight tumblings.
Nor half the pains and Labour take,
And work and weave till fingers ake.
I fear'd thy Coxcomb they did cuddle,
Which made my Spouts drop many a puddle.
The *Trojans*, were your Camp ſurrounding
At *Hectors* name, I fell a ſwouning.
When *Neſtor*'s Brat by *Hector* maſter'd,
My Ars made Buttons for the Baſtard.
And how *Patroclus* paid for's ſham,
I cou'd not chuſe but curſe and dam.
Tlepolem got a prick i'th Breech,
And I cou'd not forbear to ſcratch.
Whatever *Greeks* fell in the fray,
I ſtraight fell down as dead as they.
Yet 'tis ſome comfort in the ſhowring,
That thou ſhould live to ſcape a ſcouring.
Troy's burnt, amongſt the blundering Sots
My Husband's roring o're his Pots.

The Bonfire's blaze, the Rockets thunder,
And all our Cabbin's cram'd with Plunder.
The Women rive their Husbands wallets,
And ſing *Troy's* Downfall in new Ballats.
For very Joy we're grown ſo laviſh,
The Wives their very Husbands raviſh.
Some ſpill their Cups, and draw the Fable
Of all the Siege upon the Table.
This *Simois*, that the *Sigan* Hall was,
And this was *Priam's* lofty Palace.
Here ſculks *Ulyſſes*, there *Achilles*,
Here *Hector*, torn with Mares and Fillies,
This I was All inform'd by *Neſtor*,
And how you gave the Foe a Gliſter.
Dolen nor *Rheſe* your Sword eſcaping,
Banter'd the one, took th'other napping.
Amongſt the Tents thou art fool hardy,
But to remember us too tardy.
Waſt thou not raving Mad to fall
O'th' Camp thy ſelf, and kill 'em all?

I thought thou had more grace or wit,
To take 'em when they were at ſh----
And not to run ſuch deſperate Courſes,
To rob their Crates, and ſteal their Horſes.
You *Troy* have raz'd out of the Margin
What good have I got by the Bargain?
To your poor *Pen* it's all as one,
To *Dildo* damn'd to do alone,
For notwithſtanding all your ſwagger,
To me all's ſtanding but your Dagger.
Now Nettles grow in *Priam*'s ſtair-caſe,
Manur'd with Dung of *Trojan* carcaſs:
Nor Court nor Cabbin, mud, nor ſtones,
Nor *Trojan* left, but ſculls and Bones.
What miſchief can detain thee now?
Am I not worthy then to know?
When all your Friends are homewards throng-
To hang an Ars, and ſpoil my Longing. [ing,
There's not a Sculler makes a ſhore,
But I enquire thee 'ore and o're.

I call

I call for Liquor to be nibling,
And o're the Pot I fall a scribling:
To *Pylos* then I sent pell-mell,
But could not have one Syllable,
To *Sparta* too who can't devise it?
What Course thou tak'st to practice in?
Wou'd I were certain of thy Landing,
Or that those Cabbins yet were standing,
Then might we, (had you kept your Meares,)
Know where abouts you 're with your Bears.
But to be no where on the spot,
I fear, I fear,---I know not what.
And do suppect at this wide Distance,
Thou'rt got amongst the wild Philistins;
Or that you have forsook your Shallop,
To fall aboard some other Trallop.
And tells her what a dowdy Mawkin
I am, that thus deserves your Bawking.
Plague on this Jealous humour, rot it,
I'l never break my Brains about it.

Vanish vain thoughts, and shake your Crums,
He'l be with me when e're he comes.
My Father wou'd have had me truckled
To an old Fop, and made thee Cuckold.
He led me such a weary Life,
But let 'em rail, I am still thy Wife.
I wou'd not yet, thy own dear *Penny*
Give my *Ulysses* for a Guennie.
Thy Loving *Pen* will make 'em flee for't,
And be thy wife, or else I'll die for't.
From *Crete*, from *Samos*, *Rhodes* and *Zants*,
Drunk every day with Ale and *Nants*,
Such Troops of Raggamuffins come,
As eat thee out of house and home.
Medon, and *Polyh*, and *Pesander*,
And gray *Eurimachus* the Gander,
With thousands more defile your Towels,
And feast upon our very Bowels,
Melanch, and *Irus* the Bulbeggar,
Riffle, and rummage up your Leager.

In

In mine and their own Dung they wallow,
And of my Breech the Savour follow.
You're e'en but well enough rewarded,
Your houſe is like to be well guarded.
A feeble Gray-beard always tippling,
A helpleſs Wife and a young ſtrippling;
Whom late we were like to looſe the Spaniel
Half drown'd, as he but croſt the Kennel.
But God forbid til't be his Cours
To lay my head as well as yours:
And may the Youth ſtill live and thrive,
While he ſees any one alive.
The Nurſe, the Hogheard, and the Hind
To wiſh the ſame are all ſo kind,
With old *Laertes* my Protectors.
But what are they amongſt the Hectors?
To truſt *Telemach*, I had rather,
But he's an Urchin like the Father.
I, what am I? ——'las I'm not able
To deal with ſuch a Ribble-Rabble.

Come soon, or else the Devil burst you;
For you are all we have to trust to.
So may your Son grow up a Scholar,
And old *Laertes* ceale his Choler.
I blooming, when you gave the Bag,
Am now become a wither'd Hag.

HYPSI-

HYPSIPYLE to JASON.

The ARGUMENT.

The Desire of gaining the Golden Fleece put Jason *upon a Voyage to* Cholcos. *In his Passage he stopt at the Island* Lemnos; *of which place* Hypsipyle *was then Queen, famed for her pious saving of her Father* Thoas, *in a general Massacre of the men there by the Women of that Country. Her Entertainment of* Jason *so kind as induced him to stay there two years, at the end of which he left the Island, and the Queen (then big with Child) and after a thousand vows of Constancy and a speedy Return, persues his first intended Voyage, and arrives at* Cholcos, *where* Æta *was King.* Medea *his Daughter falls deeply in Love with* Jason, *and by her Charms he gain'd the Golden* Fleece, *with which and* Medea *he secretly sail'd home to* Thessaly. Hypsipyle *hearing of his Landing with her more happy Rival* Medea, *writes him this Epistle.*

LAden they say with a stoln Cargo,
In *Thessaly* lyes pilfring Argo.

I'de ſend thee welcome, did I know,
From thy own Mouth that it were ſo.
To break the Banes you did not ſtickle
Againſt the Wind, then thee leſs Fickle.
If you don't think me worth your Labour,
You might have ſent a Peice of Paper.
Why ſhou'd the Rabble crack our Sculls,
Before thy ſelf with Tales of Bulls?
Clods fought with Clods, ſprung up and ſlew
Each other without help of you.
Poor Thief, what have you elſe to brag on,
But of his Fleece you robb'd the Dragon?
Wou'd I cou'd ſay when Folks deny it,
Here hee's himſelf to juſtifie it.
Yet I cou'd ceaſe my jealous grunting,
Cou'd I but ſay you are my Bunting.
But ah! that hope is vain! a Witch
Has got my *Bunting* by the Breech.——

Wou'd

Wou'd I cou'd ſay, (but fears bedung me)
Wou'd I cou'd ſay, my Dear I wrong thee.
Here came a Stroler ſtarv'd with Hugher,
I ask'd him for my Mutton-munger;
Lives he? —— or is he dead or living?
Or with what Jilt is he a wiving?
He lives, ſaid he; I made him ſwear it,
He ſwore by *Styx*, yet ſtill I fear it.
He bid me leave my idle talking,
That you the Bulls were juſt now yoaking;
The Serpent ſpawn'd a Crop of Heroes,
In native Buff, and Bandilieroes;
And by their own inteſtine Fury,
Off-hand did one another worry.
I ask'd again, Lives he, or no?
Or prethee tell me ſo or ſo;
He ſlily kept me in the dark yet,
And makes the beſt of a bad Market.

Yet cannot he for all his Blanks
But shew the Baseness of thy Pranks.
Oh! Where are all your Lies and Flattering,
So often set my Mouth a watering?
What wind to *Lemnos* blew you hither?
Or why shou'd I admit you either?
Here's neither Sheep, nor Fleece of Gold,
Nor is my *Lemnos* a Pinfold.
At first I did design to trap thee,
And set the Women on to clap thee;
The *Lemnian* Girls are buxom Wenches,
And wou'd have carbona'd thy Haunches.
For two full years, e're thou wast budging,
Under my Roof I gave thee Lodging:
Then sneak away to play the Thief,
Pretending you were full of Grief.
Don't fret thy self, my Heart and Liver
I'll come again, if I come ever.

Then bubbles at the Snout, and maunders,
As if your Nose had got the Glaunders.

Then to the Harbour with a strong Gale,
You clear'd the Ground tag rag, and long tail.
Of all the Crew you made a Din most,
And cry'd the Devil take the hinmost.
Up to the Garret I was fled,
And cry'd my Eyes out of my Head;
Gazing as far as I cou'd see,
Till I lost them as well as thee.
Full oft I wish'd thee here a mumping,
But thou reward'st me with a thumping.
It made me mad, to think a Hag,
Shou'd give thee such a Running Nag;
Shall I clean Dishes, deck the Kitchin,
For one that loves to be a bitching?
I always fear'd your Dads Contrival
That I shou'd have a *Grecian* Rival.

But she's no *Greek*, ah! can you rump it,
With such a lewd *Barbarian* Strumpet?
Who with her spells can only flout ye,
Nor can she slave you with her Beauty.
She'l stop the Moon by Magick, infold
The Sun, and clap them in a pinfold;
She curbs the Waves, and stops the Fountains,
And from their Seat moves Woods and Mountains.
She'll scorch your very Bones within,
And make 'em rattle in your Skin;
She'l gore a Fly, a Bat, or Beetle,
At ten miles distance with her Needle:
And in a Print of moulten Butter,
Give them the Running, Gripes, and Squitter
'Tis Form and Beauty moves the Tilters,
But she secures you with her Philters.
How can you doat on such a Witch,
And hug a Syren like a Bitch?

You as the Bulls she yoak't ith' Wagon,
And tames you as she did the Dragon.
For all your Pride linkt to this Queen,
You'l loose your Credit quite and clean.
Nay by the censuring World 'tis babbled,
That by her spells you are inabled,
And the stol'n Fleece of cord Silver
Medea did not *Jason* pilfer.
It was not he that stole the Ram,
The Devil *Jason*, but his Dam.
A Northern Lass! a precious Beauty!
To Love and Parents shew more Duty.
Let some wild Ruffian thither gallop,
A fitter Match for such a Trallop.
Jason more fickle than the Weather,
Can Vows nor Oaths bring us together?
You parted mine, return so too,
Lets Do't, and make no more ado.

If Beauty, Birth or parts can move,
Or Breeding to oblige thy Love,
Know I am *Thoas* only *Heiress*,
The very best in all the *Parish*.
Oth' right side got my Mother and Sire,
And Drunken *Bacchus* was my Gransire.
These, and my *Lemnos* make a Dowry
Enough for any filching *Tory*.
I Mother am, be thou a Father,
And of the Gravil ease my Blather.
Your Brace of Twins, those chattering Rooks
Saving your Guilt, retain your Looks,
In all things else so like your Snout
As if your self had spit 'em out.
Those I had sent instead oth' Letter,
To plead their Cause, and mine the better.
Did I not fear *Medea*'s Malice
Wou'd send them straightway to the Gallows;

Wou'd ſhe that made a mortal hath
Of her own Brothers, ſpare my fleſh?
Yet in your Arms this ſorcereſs Lyes,
And you conceit you have a Prize:
Falſe Fool I blame, but do not wonder
What made the *Lemnian* Witches thunder.
Suppoſe the Fates had us'd their Engins
To blow the hither with a Vengeance:
What Impudence cou'd thou aſſume
To ſee thy Brats and me at home?
~~Thus to betray thy fleſh and blood?~~
Hang thee, nay hanging is too good.
Tho' I perhaps had ſpar'd thy Jacket,
I ſhou'd have riv'd the Witches Placket.
To her I ſhou'd *Medea* prove.
If *Jove* regards my injur'd Love
May that loath'd Hag my Bed defil'd
Be by her own Deſigns beguild.

And

And may she be for all your Flesces,
By Dogs for Carrion torn apieces.
May her old Sire, and Brothers Murder,
Be her own Doom, so God reward her.
And may she split upon that Shelf,
Till in Dispair she hangs her self.

PHÆDRA

PHÆDRA to HYPOLYTUS.

The ARGUMENT.

Theſeus *the Son of Ægeus having ſlain the* Minotaur, *promiſed to* Ariadne, *the Daughter of* Minos *and* Paſiphae, *for the Aſſiſtance of which ſhe gave him to carry her home with him, and make her his Wife. So together with her ſiſter* Phœdra *they went on board, and ſail'd to* Chios, *where being warn'd by* Bacchus *he left* Ariadne, *and married her Siſter* Phœdra, *who afterwards in* Theſeus *her Husbands Abſence, fell in Love with* Hypolytus *her Son in Law, who had vowed* Celibacy, *and was a Hunter; wherefore ſince ſhe cou'd conveniently otherwiſe; ſhe choſe by this Epiſtle to give him an Account of her Paſſion.*

IF thou 'rt unkind my pretty Elf,
I ſhall go near to hang my ſelf,
Read this I pray, and then conſider
What Gripings I have in my Blather.
Thus we by Notes confer with eaſe
Which ſerve us in our Privacies.

Thrice

Thrice my sad Tale, e're I a word
Cou'd utter fell into a T——
I sham'd to say I was beshr——
But what I blusht to speak, I writ.
'Tis dangerous to resist such Motions,
The Gods themselves do take their Potions:
They promis'd me to send thee hither,
That we might take a Doze together;
And with a Pill or a Compound,
To purge thee of the weather-bound;
Yet when I first was married, then he
Found me as neat as any penny.
But a Fice smother'd in the Skin,
When it's not out, stinks worse within.

As a young Puppy learnt to fetch,
Is pincht and lasht, and stroakt and scratcht:
So you resolve e're I be idle,
To make me bite upon the Bridle.

When Love was young the Whore bepist her,
In riper-years she took a Glister.

To

To thee I mortgage Tick and Feather;
Lets be undon, and bed together.
How can you ſpare the Fruit that grows,
And ſtill lies bobbing at your Noſe?
But now my Beauty had no match,
Shall I begin to paint and patch?
I for thy love no hazard fear,
It is no Sin unleſs you ſwear.
Shou'd *Juno* give her (what de'e call it)
I'de quit her *Jove* for my *Hypolit*.
With thee I've wiſht theſe many years,
To have a friſk amongſt the Bears.
To dabble in the Bogs and Fountains,
And drive the Beagles o're the Mountains.
To get a Green-gown while I lye
O'th' Graſs? Wou'd you ſtand pimping by?
I have a little hand Wheel-barrow,
And thick and thin I venture thorow.

Drunk in my Cups I ſtamp and ſtare,
Raging, and mad as a March Hare,
And make my ſelf a very ſtalk-horſe
Amongſt the Bulkers and Night-walkers.
And whilſt you are amongſt your Wenches,
I find my ſelf where the ſhoo pinches.
Is it a Fate 'ith Blood that *Venus*
With Infamy reſolves to ſtain us?
It is a bleſſed Generation
When Whore and Rogue's all the Relation.
Europa long'd for a mad Bull,
And had of him her Belly full:
And to her ſhame I had a mother
E'en as good at it as the other.
The Filer *Theſeus*, by my Siſter,
The Monſter ſlew, for which he kiſt her.
The ſelf-ſame Courſe my ſelf am ſtearing,
There's ne're a Barrel better Herring.

It was unlucky for us Both,
She lov'd the Father, I the youth:
Say then two Sisters are undon,
Both by the Father and the Son.
When first we met at Countrey Farm,
Wou'd I had broke a Leg or Arm.
Eleusis was the Fatal place,
I wou'd I ne're had seen that Face;
That Face so fair for all to see,
Was an unlucky one to me.
Thy Drawers, Charcole-Wife, and Wast-coat,
Became thee better than a lac'd Coat,
At pleasure to slip on and doff,
As home, and plain as a Pike-staff.
I love it best, I will not flatter,
Because it most resembles Nature.
If thou but sneeze or let a Fart,
I smile, and say 'tis done with Art;
Or see thee poise thy little Tool,
E'en any thing does please the Fool.

But in the Woods purſue thy freak,
And meddle not with ſuch a Jacques.
Muſt Country Trulls have all the ſport,
And ſtarve the Ladies of the Court?
For Heaven's ſake Lad forbear high Toſs,
Or thoul't come home by weeping Croſs.
Famous was *Cephalus* the Kildog
For ſlaying many a Curr, and Mill-dog.
Yet him *Eurora* did bewitch,
Who left his old for a young Bitch.
Under a ſhade her amorous Boy,
Venus did often occupie.
Atlantas lay with *Meleager*,
And did together for a wager.
Between two Pools there is a Kennel
Adorn'd with Beds of Leeks and Fennel.
Thither to th' Bawdy Bank I'll come,
One Bit abroad's worth two at home.
Wee'l tumble on a Bed of Parſley,
T' our wiſh the Thief is gone to *Theſſaly*:

There

There taken up with Cinder ſooty,
Then thou or I a better Booty.
And there to ſhow his further Malice
Againſt us Both, he huffs and rallys:
He gave my Brother's Bum a Gliſter,
And play'd the Raſcal with my Siſter,
With Ducks and Geeſe to find his Foxmeat,
And left her in the Woods for Hawks meat,
Amongſt the Beaſts where thou waſt foſter'd,
To rob thy Right, and make thee 'a Baſtard;
And tho' I brought him more by others,
They're all his own, thy very Brothers.
Then do not ſtand on Terms of Duty,
Who left thee here to me a Booty,
He did it firſt, art thou afraid
Then to defile thy Fathers Bed?
It neither frightens me, nor ſhames,
Mother and Son are but meer Names
Of Fear and Duty to amaze
The Folks in old Queen *Beſſes* dayes.

But honest *Jove* full often knit her,
And made no Bones of his own Sister.
Nor matters it so near a Kin,
The nearer that the deeper in:
And all will praise us, when a Mother,
And Son's so kind to one another.
Nor wou'd we keep it in the dark yet,
Wee'l hug, and kiss i'th' open Market;
For were we catch't in naked Bed,
My Legs and Arms about thee spread,
It is but Mother and the Son,
And who can guess what we have done?
Only make haste my pretty Duck,
For I e'en long to give thee Suck.
Between my Breasts to get thee once,
I'le fall upon my Marrow-bones,
And kiss the Borders of thy Jerkin,
To please thee I will shew my Merkin.
Nor can the Fur my Youth affright,
In Love it is a decent sight;

For

For when with Action we grow bolder,
Shame flies the Field like beaten Souldier.
Forgive, I pray, this fond Confession,
And pitty, pitty my Transgression.
What tho' my Father keep a blunder,
And my old Grandsire huff and thunder,
Tho' with the richness of the Glass
The Cuckold had a ruby Face.
To love their Honour's but a Slave,
If thou'lt not me their Credit save.
All *Crete* I'le bring thee for a Dower,
Thou shalt have all things in my power.
For *Venus* sake then taste my Haggise,
And never mind a scornful Baggidge.
So may *Diana* raise thy Flame,
And every spot afford thee Game.
So may the little Countrey Cracks,
Fall all before thee on their Backs,
And all the Milk-maids Piggins burst
In heat of Love to quench thy Thirst.

Millions of Tears I joyn with Cries,
Which as thou read'st with those dear Eyes,
Think that thou seest the Floods that rise
To wish thee here between my Thighs.

DIDO

DIDO to ÆNEAS.

The ARGUMENT.

Æneas *the Son of* Venus *and* Anchiſes, *having at the Deſtruction of* Troy, *ſaved his Gods, his Father, and Son* Aſcanius *from the Fire, put to Sea with twenty Sail of Ships, and having been long toſs'd with Tempeſts, was at laſt caſt upon the Shoar at* Lybia, *where Queen* Dido *(flying from the Cruelty of* Pigmalion *her Brother, who had killed her Husband* Sicheas*) had lately built* Carthage. *She entertained* Æneas *and his Fleet with great Civility, fell paſſionately in Love with him, and in the end denied him not the laſt Favours. But* Mercury *admoniſhing* Æneas *to go in Search of* Italy *(a Kingdom promiſed to him by the Gods) he readily prepared to obey him.* Dido *ſoon perceived it, and having in vain try'd all other means to engage him to ſtay, at laſt in deſpair writes to him as follows.*

SO in the Fallows of *Menander*,
The mournful Gooſe gaggles for Gander.
Not that I doubt a greater Miſchance,
Or hope t'enjoy thee at this diſtance.

But

But having lost my better half,
Why should I fear to cast my Calf?
'Tis then decreed poor *Dido*'s left
Of thee, and all thou hast bereft.
While thou designs amongst such Trumpery,
Had rather have thy Room than Company.
Nor can my kindness yet restrain you,
You seek a Whore that won'd refrain you.
You shun your old Friend for a new one,
See what you get by playing Truant.
Suppose unto your wish you landed,
Then like a Coxcomb be disbanded;
What Cully is so void of Sense
To hope to find an honest Wench?
Yet you refuse your old *Cunabling*,
And in new holes love to be dabling.
When will your Trulls such pleasure show
As mine, above, or yet below?
If twenty such you chance to see,
You'l never find the like of me.

For

For oh! I burn alive, Pox rot 'em,
With those same things, as I had got 'em.
Æneas is my daily Theam,
And all the night of him I dream.
Yet he (ungrateful) is abscond,
Fool that I was to be so fond.
My self alone can nothing do,
Which makes me oftner wish for you.
Oh! *Cupid*, pitty me, and make
Thy Brother kinder for my sake.
I'm raging mad to think that *Venus*
With such a Scoundrel shou'd bestein us;
Such an unlucky Harlots Bird,
Thou *Venus* Son? thou *Venus* T---d,
Sprung from the Droppings of a Dish-clout,
Or from the Scummings of a Piss-pot.
Drawn in a flood from her Inferiours,
She blew thee out of her Posteriors;

Which

Which made a Bouncing and a Rottle,
Like windy Ale in ſtrait-mouth'd Bottle;
A noiſe like that makes neighbouring Nation
Take ſnuff in Noſe, and fall in Paſſion.
That rais'd the Billows with a Powder,
A *Hurricane* cou'd not be lowder.
Yet rather than thou ſhou'd be packing,
I wou'd diſpence with all thy cracking.
Thou do'ſt deſerve to hang, thy ſwingers
And thee, but I'le not 'file my Fingers.
By ſhunning me you fall in Chinks,
The more you ſtir, the worſe it ſtinks.
Stay but a little, till the Tide
Be turn'd, and I am ſatisfi'd.
Stay only while your bloud does Flow,
And when it's out, then freely go.
Know'ſt thou not yet that the many dangers
In unknown Pools do happen Strangers?

The

The Fire-ſhips flaming in the Center,
How are you then ſo bold to venture?
Which, were it ſafe from Node or Shanker,
A thouſand Miſchiefs in it Anchor.
In that Abyſs the Fates have Engines
For to revenge you with a Vengeance.
There all your *Main Chance* often *Nicks*,
To pay at laſt for all your tricks.
Thus I thy ſafety do propound,
And clapt my ſelf to keep thee ſound;
Falſe as thou art, I'de not contrive
Thy Death, to have thee rot alive.
I rather (as thou doſt deſign)
Thou liv'd to be the cauſe of mine.
Shou'd thou be Poxt by any Woman.
(But Heav'n I pray forbid the Omen.)
While for Revenge my Fury cries out,
My very Ghoſt wou'd pull thy Eyes out.
Foaming at mouth, think how I rore,
And bait thee like a Butter-whore.

Shou'd

Shou'd Pains and Ulcers then like Thunder
Seize thee, and tear thy Soul asunder,
What cou'dst thou say in thy defence
But 'tis what I deserv'd long since?

Lest this should happen, be no Ranger,
But stay at home to shun the danger.
Think of thy Brats, if not thy Grandsire,
For me thou'lt have enough to Answer.
What have they done, that thou'lt be ganging?
Was't to be drown'd they scap'd a hanging?
But thou preserv'd not Son nor Father,
But Wind to fill an Empty Blather.

Thy Tales of *Troy* were all Romances,
Nor I first gull'd amongst thy Wenches.
Did you not leave among the Bogs,
Your own *Creusa* to the Dogs?
This Cruelty my heart did fire,
That thou shou'd deal so basely by her,
Nor do I doubt for such abuses,
(Tho' you pretend a thousand 'scuses)

The

The Fates conſpir'd with Sea and Wind
To plague, and ſerve thee in thy kind.
Thy tatter'd Crew, thoſe lean Raſcallions,
Thoſe lowſie ſtarv'd *Taterdemallions*,
Like drown'd Rats caſt aſhoar, I fed,
And made thee free of Board and Bed,
To ſuccour them at ſuch a ſeaſon,
Was kind, the reſt was out of reaſon.

Curſt be the Shower that did Pelter,
When to the Ditch we went for ſhelter,
The Dairy wenches and the Milk-Maids,
That little knew thy knack to bilk Maids,
When they began to tune their Pallets
I thought had ſung our Wedding Ballets.
But now I find the Fury's barked,
The lamentation of bad Market.

Oh Honeſty! where art thou Baniſht?
Exact thy due from him that's Vaniſht;
By Death redeem my Reputation,
And let my Ghoſt blow up the Nation.

Cloſe

Close by my Thighs, a gloomy thicket
Lies languishing for thee, my *Pricket*.
There reath'd with flowers longs to be at you,
Altho' it were but with your Statue.
Last night methought he scratcht my Bum,
And twice he cry'd, my *Dido*, come.
She comes indeed, and hears thy Summons,
But cannot brook your single Commons.

Forgive the wrongs thy Bed I offer'd,
Thou askt no sooner than 'twas proffer'd.
Thy Mother Bawd, and Sire who is Chief
Of all the Pimps, did all the Mischief.
He came of such a Noble Race,
I wish I had him by the Face.
But ill luck got me by the Scut,
And as it open'd let it shut.

My fool, my Brother flew at th' Altar,
He took his Goods, and left a Halter.
Friendless and Pennyless, with Rumping
I clear'd the ground, and went a mumping

To

To Foreign Countreys, where my Brother
Cou'd not diſcern me from another.
And here a Stroler from the Tenants,
I bought this ſpot to do my Pennance,
With all the Garden-Plats and Ditches,
To entertain thee and thy Bitches.
And rais'd theſe Walls by Theft and Plunder,
To all my Neighbours Fear and Wonder:
But moſt their Fear, for much they dread
The Roof will fall upon their head.
And now they arm with Spade and Shovel,
With Topſy-turvey to unruffle.
I muſt have a man to find me Mortar,
A Woman's but a weak ſupporter;
And yet a thouſand Gulls a Drinking,
Wou'd for my ſake keep all from ſinking;
Who tho' they offer Sheep and Mutton
To thee, I value not a Button.

To Proud *Hyarbas* let me Sail,
(For this must be if we sell Ale)
Or to my Husbands Murd'rer leave me,
What Eye sees not, Heart cannot grieve me.
Go then fond Rustick, trace the Mildews,
But leave behind your Tools and Dildoes.
Touch not that Spot, who art not such,
Thou with a pair of Tongues should touch.
Thy bawdy Fist it more disdains
That e're it caught me by the Reins.
Perhaps my greatest shame's to come,
Since thou lay pelting at my Bum.
My Souderkin and I (God wot)
Must both together go to Pot;
And tho' unborn, with guiltless Mother,
Resolve to dye with one another.
Some God thou say'st sent thee aground,
Wou'd I 're as sure of twenty Pound,

Or the ſame God, beſtrew his Garters,
Had found thee out ſome other Quarters.
But whether 'twas a God or Devil,
No thanks to them, you found me Civil.
Nor do I doubt but he the Calf
That put thee on, will bring thee off.

You're bound to *Tiber* for new Plunders,
And there you hope to purchaſe Wonders.
But when thou 'rt there thou 'lt be at beſt,
I fear me, but a ſorry Gueſt.
Yet it may live to bauk thy Fleet,
When thou haſt ne're a Noſe to ſee't.

A Crown in ready is my Dower,
Here thou art ſafe a Conquerour,
Here thou may fix thy *Troy* and Hiſtories,
And ~~young~~ *Aſcanius* get a Miſtreſs,
And while we ſleep in a whole skin,
Bring Grift to Mill, and make no din.

By *Cupid*'s Arrows I adjure thee,
And all the Gods that forward ſpur thee;
As thou doſt pitty one unhappy,
That has no Crime, but that ſhe clapt thee;
Come home with all the ſpeed you can,
What is a Miſs without a man?

I am not ſpawn'd from fierce *Achilles*,
Nor did my Parents owe thee Malice.
To be thy Wife if 'tis Offence,
I'm ſatisfi'd to be thy Wench.
To have thee here upon the ſpot,
What would I be? What wou'd I not?

Our *Lybian* Coaſts do know our Seaſons,
When you may beſt ſhip off your Peaſants.
Refer it to my Care and Leiſure,
When you are ſafe then uſe your Pleaſure.
Your weary Slaves wou'd be content;
Their Shirts are torn, and Maſts are ſpent.

If by the Nose I cannot lead thee,
What Merit can't, let Love perswade thee,
Stay till I learn a while to juggle,
And give me time with Grief to struggle.
If not, know this——I'le ne're endure
A Malady admits no cure.
My Life's too weak, the Devil too strong on't,
I'll hang my self, there's short and long on't.
Death holds my pen, and stops my Eyes,
While cross my Lap the Halter lyes.
I scow'r for very Fear with thinking
My windpipe short will spoil my drinking.
My funeral Pomp will cost thee fair
To pay't with three pence worth of Ware.——
Thy Gift! A Rope light on the Tool
Is e'en too good for such a Fool.
To no new wounds I make a buzzle,
The old Noose Love has stopt my Guzzle.

And

And thou dear *Nanny* make a shift,
To help me out at a dead Lift,
And all my Neighbours with a scritch
Be sure to throw me in some Ditch;
But lay me not my Husbands grave in,
Because with Horns I did beslave him.
Write only this short Epitaph.
Here Dido *lyes that lov'd to quaff,*
Æneas left me Rope, the Elf,
And I did fairly hang my self.

The

The Foregoing

EPISTLE

OF

DIDO

TO

ÆNEAS,

By Another Hand.

SO in the fallows of *Menander*;

The mournful Gooſe gagg'ls for Gander.

Not that I doubt a greater Miſchance,

Or hope to enjoy thee at this Diſtance;

But having lost my better half,
Why shou'd I fear to cast my Calf?

And so forward, for it is so like the former Epistle, that one may indifferently serve for both, and I am loath to trouble the Reader with needless Repetition.

ACONTIUS to CYDIPPE.

The ARGUMENT.

Acontius *in the Temple of* Diana *at* Delos (*famous for the resort of the most Beautiful Virgins of all* Greece) *fell in Love with* Cydippe, *a Lady of Quality much above his own; not daring therefore to court her openly, he found this Device to obtain her: He writes upon the fairest Apple that cou'd be procured, a Couple of Verses to this Effect.*

"I swear by chast *Diana* I will be
"In sacred Wedlock ever joyn'd to thee.

And throws it at the feet of the young Lady. She suspecting not the Deceit takes it up, and reads it, and therein promises her self in Marriage to Acontius, *there being a Law there in force, that whatever any person shou'd swear in the Temple of* Diana *of* Delos, *should stand good and be inviolably observed. But her Father not knowing what had past, and having not long after promis'd her to another, just as the Solemnities of Marriage were to be performed, she was taken with a sudden and violent Fever, which* Acontius, *endeavours to perswade her was sent from* Diana *as a Punishment of the Breach of the Vow made in her Presence. And this with the rest of the Arguments which on such an Occasion wou'd occur to Lovers, is the subject of the following Epistle.*

Read

Read freely this my pretty Dearing,
And leave your bouncing and your (swearing
Read it I say, for I wou'd fain
That we shou'd both be out of pain,
And after all your *Mercy*
You shou'd be found to Do with me.
Why do you blush like any Bear,
As when you in the porch did swear,
To speak the Truth you need no drive,
For speak the Truth, and shame the Devil.
But be asham'd to steal, for I
My pretty Soul mean honestly.
Oh! think upon those Words were slipping
And the late Motto of the Rippin,
When to your Feet it came a tripping
And you the Apple fall a gripping.
There you will find the Oaths and Curses,
Which if we mind our Health or Purses,

You ought to have ſo great a Care
That you perform 'em to a hair,
Diana heard your Vows alone,
That Chit will tell you of your own.
You'd better far to ſay and hold,
Than to provoke ſo rank a Scold.
My Fears for thee do make me jealous,
And fierce Deſire's blow up the Bellows.
For hope you gave, you can't deny it,
The Nymph was by to juſtifie it.
She was, and heard you every Tittle.
In lucky Hand ſhe blew a Spittle.
Her Statue bow'd and play'd at Noddy,
And gave Conſent to yield your Body.
Now if your pleaſe accuſe the Cheat,
But ſay 'twas Love that did the Feat.
For by that Cheat what more was meant,
But to cheat you by your own Conſent?

What

What you a Crime, I count a Glory,
Since Loving you is all the Story.
Such Crimes with Pride I will pursue,
If I can have my ends of you.
Nor am I practis'd in the fly,
And webs to tangle Virgin flys.
Nature taught me, and you know Nature
Did not design to cog nor flatter.
I laid the Bait, you bit the fly,
And Love a finger had i'th' Pie.
For Love stood by, and did indite
The very words that I did write.
Again I write, Love holds the Taper,
He guides my Pen, and rules my Paper.
Again I send you such sweet matter,
As I'm afraid will make you water.
But if for this your Slave you damn,
I'll ne're be less than what I am.

Oh!

Oh! that I thus might ſtill be guilty
In finding out new ways to tilt thee.
A thouſand Paths lead to that Valley,
And ſhall I ſtand on ſhall I? ſhall I?
I'll break throw all the ſtops that may be.
Faint heart did never kiſs fair Lady.
But what of this will be the Cloſe,
For me, the Lord of *Oxford* knows.
Yet if we Mortals have a Mother
You muſt be mine one way or other.
If Art ſhou'd fail, I'll make a Riot,
And raviſh thee if thou deny it.
I'll do it in a manner ample
As e're the Worthies gave Example.
I too—But hold—I ſhall be nub'd
Then be it ſo——
For let me be or hang'd or grub'd,

Who wou'd not for a single touch
Venture to take one gentle Stretch?
If you were not a little proud,
I'de court you in the common Road,
Nor wou'd I go about the Bush,
But take thee at the very push.
But thou art such a pretty Pad,
It is enough to make one mad,
Those Eyes which do outshine a Custard,
Which we may feast on without Mustard;
Those Arms as clear as Foot of Kite
(Which shou'd be mine had I my Right)
That comely Confidence and Grace
With living Brass that paints thy Face;
Those feet like *Thetis* in the Flood,
Inch deep with dabbling in the Mud,
And something else that I cou'd name,
But have not yet beheld the same;

With

With all the reſt in ſober Sadneſs,
Do ſerve but to encreaſe my Madneſs.
Cou'd I but ſee 'em all together,
Wou'd make my heart light as a Feather,
No Wonder then your Beauty's ſuch
That I ſhou'd long to have a touch.
Now be as angry as the Devil,
I cannot help the ſtanding Evil.
But give me leave before your Face,
To lay the Fiend your Spell did raiſe,
Your Pardon proſtrate at your A--hole,
I humbly beg, who am your Vaſſal,
With a freſh ſtream your Rage I'll cool
And lay the Tempeſt of your Pool.
To Love why are you ſo ſevere?
While to the flower the point I rere,
Summon'd by Beauty to appear
For all my faults I'de ſuffer there.

By

By Pride do not my Fancy pall,
Beware, for pride will have a Fall.
Your Fetters too——But they alas!
Like Monkey tye me by the A——
To bear it all, do what you can,
You'l find I am so much a Man.
Then will you say when I can get it,
Who loves it better, sure must eat it.
And since for me yo've done all this,
I'll be thy own *Lyndabridis*.
But if all this shou'd not be taking
Dina was at Bargain making.
And sh' has a plaguy Reach at Lyes,
And punishing of Perjuries.
I dread to hide, and dread to utter,
Least for my self you'd think I mutter.
But now 'tis out——'tis only this,
You fain wou'd be anothers Miss.

The Pimp ſtayes waiting in the Port,
But the chaſte Nymph prevents the ſport.
And when you are upon the peg,
The Cramp ſtill holds you by the Leg.
Forbear, forbear thus to provoke her,
Which you may yet, if you'l but ſtroak her.
Forbear that Face by too much ſtrictneſs,
To ſtain with green or yellow ſickneſs.
Preſerve thoſe Looks (if Fates ſay truth)
Deſign'd a Diſh for my own tooth.
Let theſe freſh Cheeks their Colour put on,
That once might roſt a Breſt of Mutton.
But if our *Die* is in her Fits,
Becauſe you do not mind your hits;
Let me be haunted with that Spirit,
My back is broad enough to bear it.
It makes my very Bowels quake,
To think thy Finger ſhou'd but ake.

For ah! how am I rack'd and tortur'd!
And every Minute drawn and quarter'd!
Sometimes it twists me in the Nose,
To think that I shou'd be the Cause.
And beg my *Dina* for your sake,
To lay the Burden on my Back.

But ah! in vain I do contrive all,
For now, perhaps, you hug my Rival;
Under pretence to ease your pain,
He takes you in the merry vein;
Tryes how your Pulles beat before,
And slips his sawcy Fist down lower.
Kisses your hand, turns up your heels,
And what he cannot see he feels.

You sawcy Rascal, who made you
So bold, to rob me of my Due?
For you are mine, so is that Bosome,
For thee to reap did never blossom.

Take,

Take, take away your bawdy Paws,
That (sirrah's) for your Master, sauce;
Though she's *mail'd* on you, yet she
Made o'er her *Copy-hold* to me.
You must not argue on that point,
For now your Nose is out of joynt.
This my *Cydippe* is the Devil
That is the cause of all our Evil,
And makes our *Dina* fall a huffing,
To break your Vows for such a Ruffian,
My Dear forbid him then your house,
And you are safe as Church in Mouse.
Then keep the Oaths and Vows you mumbl'd
Which *Dina* heard and understumbl'd.
Then fear not, she will cool thy Liver,
And be as good a Friend as ever.
Some patiently turn up their Bum,
And kiss the Rod when they have done;

And tho' a Lye deſerves a laſhing,
Shun being forſworn, and ſave a flaſhing.
Why do 'ye your Parents Crimes inhance,
And keep the Fools in ignorance?
Then be not mealy mouth'd, but ſcatter
The ſum and ſubſtance of the matter.
Oh! tell thy Dam how I was ſmitten
With thy ſweet face, thou with the pippin!
She cannot call me Knave or Cheat,
Nor chooſe but ſmile at the Conceit.
Marry, ſhee'l ſay with all my heart,
Marriage and hanging do impart
A ſecret tye of Deſtiny;
If't pleaſes them it pleaſes me.
But if ſhe ask from whence I came,
Of what Degree, Eſtate, or Fame,
Tell her, to ſatisfie the Dame,
I'm not aſham'd to ſhew my Name.
Had you not vow'd, and made ſuch tenders,
And ſwore the Temple out at Windors,

I'm

I'm good enough, though ne'er a Rag on,
To Lard your Pullet with my Bacon.
This in my Dream *Diana* mutter'd,
And *Cupid*'s Shafts about me flutter'd.
Go Fool, ſaid they, leave off your dodging,
This *Bill a Deux* ſend to her Lodging.
Obey 'em both, for I am wounded
By the young Raſcal, moſt confounded.
Which if you pitty, ſhe the faſter
Who broke your head will give a Plaiſter.
Then to the buſineſs we will ſettle,
You full of Hope, I full of Mettle.
In triumph then we'll croſs the Fields,
With all the Crowd about our heels,
To th' Temple-Porch, where I will make
A Pippin Preſent for thy ſake:
I'le throw whole Pecks about the Street
In *Memorandum* of the Cheat;
And on the Apple I'le inſcribe
This Wedding Poſey for my Bride,

Know all men by these Presents, hence
Cydippe *is an honest Wench.*
I wou'd write more, but that your Pains
Give me the Running of the Reins;
And you're so weak I'le not pursue you,
For fear lest I should overdo you.

CYDIPPE

CYDIPPE

Her Anſwer to

ACONTIUS

I Read your Note, tho' it was blunt,
Nor did I ſwear as I was wont.
Nor had I valu'd it a whit,
But that I fear'd the peeviſh Chit.
You deal it ſeems with no ſmall Bodies,
That to your Friend have got a Goddeſs.
Is ſhe ſo chaſte to plague a Virgin,
She rather ought t' have been my Surgeon.
But I have ſtill the luck to deal
With Carrion Beef inſtead of Veal.
I'm ſick I think o'th' Mulligrubs,
Eating chopt Hay with Sillabubs.

I languiſh ſo with inward Bliſters,
I find no eaſe in Drugs nor Cliſters.
I write, I vow t'ye, in ſuch pain,
I'm ready to drop down again.
And what moſt racks my *Pia mater*,
Leſt ought but Nurſe ſhou'd watch my water.
To gain me time ſhe plays at Trap,
And tells my Friends I've ta'en a nap.
More pain for you I cou'd not ſuffer,
Tho' you had Goods to fill my Coffer,
Beauty and Love conſpire together,
'Twere happy had I ne'er known either.
Whil'ſt with your Rival you are gabling.
I loſe my Fame by your damn'd babling.
While two Dogs ſtrive about the Bone,
A third comes in, and leaves them none.
Thus, while your Titles you confound,
Betwixt two Stools I fall to ground.
The day draws on, and I muſt marry:
My Parents preſs, nor can I tarry.

But whilſt the Groom waits at the Port,
Death ſteps between, and ſpoils the ſport.
Some call it Chance, and ſome diſparage
The Gods, to ſay they croſs my Marriage.
While ſome do cenſure, from your Fob
You gave a Philtre did the Jobb.
If you're ſo good at poyſoning thoſe
That are your Friends, who'll be your Foes?
Wou'd I to Church ne'er found the way,
Or that I'd broke my neck that day.
When in your Port we fixt our Anchors,
We were afraid of nought but ſhankers.
Twice did croſs Winds oppoſe us there,
Croſs, did I ſay? No they were fair.
Thoſe Winds were fair our Courſe withſtood,
It's an ill Wind blows no one good.
Yet to ſee *Delos* I was willing,
Tho' for a Wind I'de giv'n a ſhilling.
By *Tenos* Iſle and *Mycene*,
We came to *Delos* by long Sea.

And much I fear'd your Land of Faries
Wou'd vanish with their Cows and Daries.
At night we land, though not worth three-
The Maids made me as fine as fi-pence; [pence,
Then to attend the shitten com sh——
We go, and I throw in my Mite.
And while my Parents made Preamble
Of Grace, my Nurs and I did ramble.
We saw all things we could come at,
Pictures, and Wonders, God knows what.
But whilst those Rarities I spy,
Acontius had me in his Eye;
And there while on my looks he fed,
A Sheeps Eye cast from a Calfs head.
Now to the Spire we make a hault,
Which sure should be no Bawdy Vault.
With him no sooner did I grapple,
But there I found the treacherous Apple.
With this Design---- I vow and swear.
Ah me! what do I do?----I fear

Again

Again I'm like to be forſworn,
But there's enough of that before.
The name of Wife made me ſo great,
That I was tickled with conceit.
Why ſhould you cheat a ſilly Maid
At ſuch a rate, and play the Jade?
Is then the Nymph oblig'd to that,
Without a touch you know of what?
The Will was good, why did you fear?
You might believe tho' I did not ſwear.
Yet have I ſtill a damn'd ſuſpition
That I am in an ill condition.
Thrice *Hymen* came to pick our locks,
But thrice he parted with a Fox.
And *Dina* ſtill would rule the Roſt,
My Parents gave me o're for loſt.
What have I done you ſhou'd abuſe me?
When Ignorance does ſtill excuſe me?
Canſt thou, even thou, with all thy wit,
Canſt thou oblige her with a Bit?

When

When to her canst thou bring a Fee
That will excuse both thee and me?
Nor think thy Rival is allow'd
A greater Favour than the Crowd:
For tho' he comes without resistance,
I make the Rascal know his distance.
If he but steal a kiss, he blushes,
And strait his Nose with water gushes:
He once had courage to beseech,
I bid the Fool go kiss my Breech.
'Tis such another *Nincompoop*,
I sleep, and he begins to droop.
He sees, yet keeps his Eyes a winking,
Says nought, but pays it off with thinking.
He's full of Grief, I full of pain,
And all this for a Rogue in Grain.
Your Worship writes for leave to come,
To kiss the back-side of my Bum.
With Finger in your mouth, I warrant
You'd have another sleeveless Errand.

But

But thou'lt repent when thou doſt ſee
The Trophies of thy Cruelty.
My fleſh is tawny, Cheeks grow dapple,
Like the Complection of your Apple.
Now Lad, thou woud'ſt repent my ſwearing
And hardly think me worth thy wearing.
To *Delos* then wou'd haſt to eaſe thee
And beg the Goddeſs to releaſe thee.
Or in thy Cranny keep a puther
By new Oaths to outſwear the other.
No means for Health my Nurſe omits,
And ſtill I have my wonted Fits.
We ask the Wiſeman, he replying,
Can any better come of Lying?
The Gods are on thy ſide; in thee
To be ſo kind what can they ſee?
But ſo it is----and I muſt buckle,
Under thy Foot-ſtool for to truckle.
Since 'tis my Fate thou muſt be mine,
I'l ſay no more but I am thine.

My

My Mother now does understand me;
How with an Apple you trapan'd me.
What I have said in this Condition,
I fear I've gone beyond Commission;
And shall already more to thee,
Than what becomes my Modesty.
But lately since I took my potion,
And now I find a sudden Motion.
Be true, and set thy heart at rest,
I'll say no more, few words are best.

F I N I S.